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## A MEMORY.

ACROSS the crowded, breathless street  
 I made my way in noontide heat ;  
 Above the din of traffic high  
 Uprose the costermonger's cry —  
 "Worts, wortleberries, worts ; come,  
 buy."

Then sudden vision stayed my feet,  
 A memory fair and sweet.

Before me stretched the Quantock-side,  
 Below me far the flowing tide  
 Broke softly on the pebbled beach,  
 And nowhere eye or ear could reach  
 A trace of human form or speech,  
 But bees amid the heather sighed,  
 And crickets shrill replied.

And whispers from the Severn Sea  
 Came in the solitude to me,  
 And gentle breezes brought delight  
 And fanned me with their pinions light,  
 While all athwart heaven's arch so  
 bright

Small fleecy clouds would wander free  
 Then start aside and flee.

The beauty of the moorland wild  
 My soul, my every sense beguiled,  
 I sank down in the heather deep,  
 For very joy I fain would weep,  
 When sudden, round the hillside steep  
 A band of little children filed —  
 So glad and sweet, I smiled.

The little voices echoed clear  
 And, as the little flock drew near,  
 The little faces I espied,  
 With purple stains were smeared and  
 dyed ;

And baskets round and deep and wide  
 The small arms bore with lusty cheer,  
 Weighed down with treasure dear.

The moorland fruit that ripens nigh,  
 Betwixt the Severn Sea and sky ;  
 A harvest rich a child can glean  
 When wortleberries' glossy sheen  
 Shines forth the slender leaves between ;  
 This task such little fingers ply,  
 Up on the Quantocks high.

With many a curious backward peep  
 The little ones trudged down the steep,  
 All clasping their big baskets tight,  
 So heavy with the berries bright,  
 That only bloom on moorland height,  
 Where soft winds o'er the heather sweep,  
 And sunbeams lie asleep.

The din of traffic, costers' cries,  
 Made discord drear ; before my eyes

Glared ruthlessly the crowded street,  
 Instead of that lone landscape sweet,  
 Where Severn Sea and moorland meet ;  
 But in my heart the memory lies,  
 A joy that never dies.

Bristol, DORA CAVE.  
Academy.

## A RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

THE crimson glow of sunlight falls  
 Along the monumental walls,

Where still in faded pomp are read  
 The name and virtues of the dead.

Yet from yon effigy of knight  
 The graven name has vanished quite ;

No word remains ; but stories tell  
 That he who sleeps fought true and well ;

In kindness swift, in vengeance slow —  
 A constant friend, a courteous foe ;

Who partly fought for love of fight,  
 But chiefly for the love of right.

To Holy Land he rode away :  
 Seek thou a holy land to-day.

With sword and battle-axe he strove :  
 Seek thou the armory of love.

He won on earth a poor renown :  
 Win thou on earth Love's fadeless crown.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.  
Gentleman's Magazine.

## A REMINISCENCE.

I PRAYED God bless you, on my bended  
 knees,

Each night and morn ;  
 Because he heard my prayers, and more  
 than these,  
 Am I forlorn ?

I prayed God bless you, love ; and when he  
 gave

His richest store —  
 Gave her to you — what should my spirit  
 crave  
 Of blessing more ?

'Las me ! that I should grieve, what I did  
 seek,

So fair to find ! . . .  
 Some day I may rejoice . . . but we are  
 weak,

And very blind.

Speaker.

A. W.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

I.

# THE CASE FOR NORWEGIAN LIBERALISM.

WITH the knowledge which we now possess regarding the military and political conditions at the time when the union between Norway and Sweden was accomplished, we cannot wonder that Karl Johan acted as he did. It cannot surprise us that he offered peace and reconciliation after a campaign of fourteen days, in which he had apparently made good progress, or that he concluded the convention of Moss (14th August, 1814), acknowledging the constitution which the Norwegian people had given themselves, and further, that an extraordinary Storting was convened in accordance with the provisions of this constitution, founded on the sovereignty of the people. With this extraordinary Storting Karl Johan was to negotiate the terms of the Union. But it acted as a fully sovereign National Convention; instead of acknowledging the union of Norway with Sweden as an already existing judicial fact, it entirely ignored the treaty of Kiel and everything connected therewith, but it elected the king of Sweden as king of Norway, after having by its own sovereign power made those changes in the constitution which it deemed necessary. The union of the two countries thereby absolutely got the character of a voluntary agreement between equal parties with equal rights. It is not surprising that Karl Johan gave way in all essentials to a Storting acting in this manner. He had very good, and perhaps very forcible reasons for doing so, as we can now see. But to his contemporaries, and more particularly to the contemporary Swedes, it must have seemed wonderful, and almost inexplicable. In Sweden they only learnt that the Norwegian "insurrection" had been completely crushed after a fortnight's campaign, the Norwegians had only been left what the victor would in his grace allow them. One might consequently feel sure of the

prize of the contest. It had been said that Norway once before had been "conquered" when Karl Johan invaded Holstein and dictated the Treaty of Kiel. But it was allowed to be rather a stretch of language to call a country conquered which had not yet seen a single foreign soldier on its soil, and of which not one rod of land had yet been occupied. But now, Norway was for the second time conquered—and according to all the rules of the game—in the country itself. Sweden had now the double rights of treaty and of conquest; what should prevent it from taking possession of its own? Yet, in spite of all this, Sweden did not gain the much coveted extension of the frontier to the west as a compensation for the loss of Finland. Norway not only did not become a Swedish province, it did not even become a dependency—Sweden had obtained no rights over it.

No wonder that this was felt as a bitter disappointment, a most disagreeable surprise. It took a good long while before the conditions on which the union between Norway and Sweden had been accomplished became widely known among the general public in Sweden. But it became plain by degrees that Sweden had obtained no other extension of its power than what follows from a defensive alliance, the stability of which is guaranteed by a common dynasty; the joy with which the union had at first been received gave place to a deep and widespread dissatisfaction. This dissatisfaction was particularly directed against Karl Johan, who was suspected of having, from dynastic or purely personal motives, conceded to Norway, at the expense of Sweden, such favorable terms.

Acquiescence in the state of things which had been established sprang only from the confident hope that it was but provisional, a transition to a more "real" union of the countries, one more in correspondence with the interests of Sweden. Norway was thought to be too small and too poor to stand on its own legs. The Norwegians did not get credit for having either the

ability or the will to maintain an independent existence. They must feel themselves deeply indebted to Sweden, which, in 1814, had treated them with such great generosity instead of punishing them for their "rebellion." This thankfulness, together with the painful feeling of the insufficiency of their own resources, which must make itself felt, when "the intoxication of independence" was over, would no doubt by and by bring them nearer to Sweden and make them throw themselves into the arms of the greater and stronger ally.

The development has, however, gone in quite the opposite direction. The national and economic power of Norway was strengthened under the influence of the free constitution. The "intoxication of independence" did not wear off with the Norwegians, rather the contrary. It became manifest that nothing could be further from their thoughts than to become Swedes, that they persisted in remaining Norwegians, a feeling which became stronger as time went by.

They thought, and rightly too, that they owed Sweden no gratitude, certainly not sufficient to renounce on that account anything of their political or national independence. They became very loyally attached to the union in the form which it had once received; but far from being willing to have it extended, they were most jealously on their guard against all ideas and tendencies which pointed in the direction of a closer union between the countries.

This produced gradually in the Swedish people, in addition to the dissatisfaction with the conditions of the union, as not sufficiently advantageous to Sweden, a bitter feeling against the Norwegians, who were thought to have shown themselves ungrateful, suspicious, and narrow-minded.

This bitterness and dissatisfaction was nursed and encouraged by the press. There were Swedish newspapers and Swedish journalists who for years made it their principal aim to agitate against the Norwegians and the Union; the latter was called "a

Union to cry over." In text-books for the schools the Swedish youth were told that Norway was conquered in 1814, and that by rights it ought to have become a Swedish province, as it had before been a Danish province, but that Sweden had been lenient. It had suffered the Norwegian "rebels" to retain a certain amount of independence, but nothing could be more black than the want of gratitude on the part of the Norwegians, etc., etc.

This was sowing the dragon seed of hate; thereby was the Union weighted with all these misunderstandings, all these distortions of its true meaning, and of the conditions under which it came into existence. And to this is it due, that instead of being a tie which should bind the peoples together it has become a never-ceasing bone of contention between them, a never-failing source of strife.

As we have stated, the Union between Norway and Sweden was based on the principle of the absolute equality and equal rights of both countries. Section 1 of the Rigsakt<sup>1</sup> runs thus:—

The kingdom of Norway shall be a free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable realm, united with Sweden under one king.

From the unrestricted independence thus established there follows as a consequence a similarly unrestricted equality in rights with Sweden, as it is a principle long ago fully acknowledged in international law, that every sovereign or independent state, is, outwardly and inwardly, really and formally, equal in rights with all other sovereign states.

This sovereignty of Norway and her equality with Sweden was not, however, fully realized from the beginning in all details. It was affirmed as a theoretical principle; but in a single, and highly important region, it was allowed to remain an unrealized promise. For on the establishment of the Union the Norwegians did not take steps to establish their own management of foreign affairs, and to appoint

<sup>1</sup> The fundamental statute passed by the Norwegian Storting and the Swedish Riksdag in 1815.

their own representatives abroad. On the contrary, they suffered it to happen that the foreign minister of Sweden, as a matter of fact, also became the foreign minister of Norway, and that Swedish envoys and consuls became representatives of both countries.

It is uncertain what the explanation of this remarkable negligence on the Norwegian side may have been. The still prevalent opinion, that the management of foreign affairs is the particular provision of the crown, may have been the dominant consideration, for as the crown belonged equally to both countries, it might seem less necessary to maintain the principle of equality in this particular matter. But it is also possible that the framers of the Union had in view the practical difficulties of settling these things in a manner fully consonant with the principle of equality, and left this subject purposely in abeyance, to avoid accepting a formal compromise on this principle.

What is quite certain is, that Norway has not by one single syllable, committed itself to the control by Sweden of the foreign policy of the two kingdoms. The Rigsakt is silent on the question; and in the revised Grundlov,<sup>1</sup> which was passed by the extraordinary Storting of 1814, there are clauses which run directly counter to an arrangement by which Norway is represented in foreign States by a Swedish foreign minister, Swedish envoys, and Swedish consuls. And it is certain, that from the Norwegian side it has always been maintained, that no deviation from the principle of equality must be construed as being more than an acknowledgment in fact, but not in principle, or otherwise than as something quite provisional, to be redressed as soon as possible in conformity with the main principle of this Union.

It was not long before the Norwegians commenced the work of realizing their rights with regard to the management of their foreign affairs, and their representation abroad. Quite early

after the establishment of the Union this question was frequently mentioned in the Storting, and both Storting and government repeatedly addressed to the common king of the countries demands for an arrangement of these affairs in a manner more agreeable to the interests of Norway and the principle of equality. Nothing was obtained, however, except that a royal decree of April 13, 1835, obtained permission for the Norwegian Statsminister residing in Stockholm to be present in the Swedish "Ministerielle Statsraad," and that it gradually became the practice for Norwegians to receive appointments in the diplomatic and consular services. This did not, of course, make these services common to both countries, nor did they cease to be branches of the purely Swedish administration, remaining as they did under the supreme direction of the Swedish foreign minister. A draft for a new Unionsakt, which was prepared in 1839 by a Norwegian-Swedish committee appointed on Norwegian initiative, proposed to place at the head of the foreign affairs of the United Kingdoms a common foreign minister, a Norwegian or a Swede, and responsible both to the Norwegian and to the Swedish representatives. This draft was shelved by the Swedish government, no doubt because it was considered far too favorable to Norway. It proposed great extensions of the points of union between the countries, but at the same time it carried out with great stringency the principle of their equality, and it was not in this spirit that the ruling parties in Sweden desired to see the Union extended or "improved."

The draft for a new Unionsakt, which had been prepared in 1866, on the initiative of the Swedish Riksdag, had a clause which runs thus:—

The Swedish foreign minister continues, as before, to be the head of the Foreign Office, and to watch over the foreign affairs of the United Kingdoms. In his absence his office shall be administered by that member of the Council of State, whom the king orders to do so.

<sup>1</sup> Statute of the Constitution.

If this draft had become law, Norway would have been bound by contract to the Swedish supreme direction of the foreign policy of the countries, and of our representatives abroad. But, so far from being willing, on the Norwegian side, to accept anything like this, this clause was pointed to as the great stumbling-block, on which the draft must be wrecked, as indeed actually happened. The leader of the majority declared that this point alone must be sufficient to cause the defeat of the whole draft. "True, it had, as a matter of fact, up to that time been the case, that the foreign affairs of Norway had been directed by the Swedish foreign minister; but behind this fact lay Norway's right to take these things into her own hands, when she would, against which no rightful objection could be raised by Sweden," and on those premises the decision was taken.

Such was the state of things at the time when the last great Norwegian constitutional conflict broke out; the Norwegians had not succeeded in carrying out the rights belonging to Norway as a sovereign State, as far as foreign matters were concerned, but they had not, on the other hand, allowed themselves to be persuaded to make any fundamental concessions in respect of these rights. During the constitutional conflict the attention of the Norwegian public was fully occupied in other directions. The Union lay, as already remarked, behind this conflict, but it turned directly on other questions, such as an internal settlement between Norwegian powers of State and Norwegian parties. The question of a satisfactory arrangement of the management of the foreign affairs of the countries was thus left out of sight, and we were rather unprepared for it, when it again came on the tapis, owing to the Swedish constitutional reform of 1885. We had gone through a prolonged and exasperating internal struggle, and longed so much for peace that it is not at all probable that this question would have been opened for a long time to come, from

the Norwegian side, in spite of the fact that the Norwegians had very good reasons for being dissatisfied with the existing arrangement.

But the Swedish constitutional reform of 1885 made a settlement of the question unavoidable. Before this reform it was provided in the Swedish constitution, in regard to the so-called "*Ministerielle Sager*," that is to say, all questions appertaining to the relations of the country with foreign powers, that the king might "let them be prepared in such manner as he thinks proper."

These questions were submitted to the king by the foreign minister, in the presence of one other member of the Council of State; the other members of the Council did not get any more information than the king thought fit to give them, and there was no opportunity for the representatives of the people to exercise any control. By the reform of 1885 the *Ministerielle Statsraad* was in the first instance strengthened, as it was in future to consist of three instead of two members. It was further placed under full constitutional responsibility towards the Swedish Riksdag.

From a Swedish point of view this reform must be acknowledged as rather opportune and legitimate. But from the point of view of the Union it was nothing short of an outrage, displacing suddenly the limits of equality between the countries, and aggravating the position of Norway within the Union to such an extent that it must be pronounced perfectly intolerable to a free nation, jealous of its own honor. Not only were there now three Swedes in the *Ministerielle Statsraad* against the one Norwegian who only had access in accordance with a royal decree, that is to say, at the good pleasure of the king, but, what is worse, the power and authority over diplomatic questions — both those purely Norwegian, and those common to Norway and Sweden, was to a large extent transferred from the crown, which formally belonged to both countries, and might be said to represent Norway as well as Sweden,



and handed over to purely Swedish institutions, the Swedish Riksdag and the Ministerielle Statsraad. For the latter remained, in spite of the presence of a single Norwegian, a purely Swedish institution, mentioned only in the Swedish and not in the Norwegian Grundlov. The rights of Norway as a sovereign and independent State had previously not been expressly negatived in the international law of the countries, although not fully realized. But by the reform of 1885 they were formally denied, and trampled under foot as long as steps were not taken from the side of Norway to counteract its effects. Norway was in an unveiled manner placed under Swedish supremacy in regard to some of the most important matters of State. If the Norwegians had accepted this change in their constitutional status, they would have signed their own sentence of death as an independent nation.

There was also a feeling in Swedish ruling circles that their country had usurped by this reform such great advantages, that it was necessary, for very shame, to offer Norway a small equivalent. Negotiations were consequently opened with the Norwegian government, and such an equivalent was offered, originally a very slight one: Norway should have two members against the Swedish three in the "Ministerielle Statsraad;" later on somewhat more—that there should be three Norwegian and three Swedish members. But as it was at the same time demanded that to get these concessions the Norwegians should agree that the foreign minister should be a Swede and a member of the Swedish Cabinet, or, in other words, that they should become a party to an equally stupid and dishonorable traffic with their inalienable rights as a sovereign power, and enter into a contract by which they acknowledged the Swedish supremacy and management of the Norwegian foreign policy, these negotiations, of course, came to nothing. They were looked upon by the Norwegians rather as an attempt to take us by surprise than as an offer of com-

promise, and could only place the aims and means of the Swedish policy in anything but a favorable light. The negotiations were, therefore, broken off. The crisis became more and more acute, and the conflict extended gradually to the whole foreign management and representation. The questions in dispute are now: The nationality of the foreign minister; his responsibility towards one or both national representations, or towards delegates chosen by them both; the continuation or dissolution of the previous common action of the countries in regard to the diplomatic and consular services.

The different opinions or shades of opinion at present current within the Norwegian and the Swedish nations or the solution of these problems may be characterized thus:—

The Norwegian Liberals hold that Norway is not only not bound by contract to the existing Swedish management of the foreign affairs and the foreign representation of both countries, but that this arrangement is incompatible with formal stipulations in the Norwegian Grundlov as well as with the principle of equality and equal rights of both the countries contained in the first clause of the Rigsakt, and that it is therefore quite illegal. As its programme, for which it obtained a majority of the last general election, the Liberals have demanded: Dissolution of the existing fusion between the countries, in so far as it is not fixed by contract; that Norway and Sweden should have each their own minister, responsible for the foreign policy to the national representations; and that both countries should have their separate consular and diplomatic services, which would not preclude their being in many cases represented by the same person.

The prevalent opinion within the Norwegian Right is that although the existing arrangement for the management of foreign affairs and foreign representation is not fixed by contract, it is not illegal—that the existing community between the countries belongs to the "nature of the Union," and is necessary to its existence—that it

ought, therefore, to be maintained in its full extent, covering not only the question of peace or war but all relations with foreign powers ; but at the same time it is held that a more thorough realization of the principle of equality within this community ought to be obtained. Instead of leaving, as now, the management to the Swedish foreign minister, they desire a real common minister, Norwegian or Swede, responsible towards both the Norwegian and the Swedish representatives, or towards delegates chosen by them both, and composed of an equal number of Norwegians and Swedes.

In Sweden there is a circle of politicians, very active, and, particularly lately, very loud, who declare that Norway has in no way the rank and right of a sovereign state. At the utmost she may be sovereign in her internal affairs. These men base their opinion of the Union on the Treaty of Kiel, and they think that, as it has been consummated with "Swedish arms and Swedish money," it is only Swedish, not Norwegian advantages and interests, which have to be considered. They declare that the supremacy of Sweden, demonstrated by the leadership of the foreign policy, is not only a fact, but a right. This right should not only not be compromised, but, on the contrary, it ought to be further strengthened and extended. The Union would thereby in their eyes become the "new possession," and "compensation for Finland and Pomerania," which the Swedes from the commencement hoped for, and which was promised them by the great powers of Europe.

There is another and more moderate view, which has been strongly advocated in the Swedish press, and which seems to be rather widely held in leading Swedish circles. According to this view the Swedish leadership of the foreign policy of the countries is a prerogative which Sweden has bargained for on the accomplishment of the Union, but this prerogative might be renounced in order to meet the Norwegian demand for equality, provided a corresponding equivalent be given —

an equivalent by which the Union might be strengthened and extended to some purpose. Various views have been expressed both as to the amount and the kind of this equivalent. Some would seem to be satisfied if Norway were to be bound by a Union contract to keep an army and navy of a strength corresponding with the strength of the Swedish army and navy in the numerical proportion of the populations of both countries ; others demand that the Norwegians should make certain alterations in their constitution to bring it more in accordance with the Swedish constitution, particularly in the direction of strengthening the power of the crown, while the influence of the national representatives would be curtailed, and, like the Swedish Parliament, divided between two chambers, etc.

Finally, there is in Sweden a party whose Union policy is mainly the same as that of the Norwegian Right ; that is to say, there are some who desire a settlement on the basis of equality, while retaining the existing community between the countries, whose programme is a common Swedish-Norwegian foreign minister, without demanding any equivalent for the prerogative which they thus renounce. They think that this prerogative has, by the development of events, become worthless or even worse, positively injurious both to Sweden and to the Union. Judging from expressions in the Swedish press and *Riksdag* this party is, however, in a decided minority, at all events in those circles which are at present the leading circles in Sweden. Still smaller seems to be the number of those Swedes who share the opinion of the Norwegian Left, and who think that the knot ought to be cut by dissolving the existing community between the countries in so far as it is not fixed by contract, thus reducing the Union to a defensive alliance with a common king and common peace or war. Their number is apparently so insignificant that they do not count in the solution of the questions between the countries.

This situation is commonly described in the following way : Arrayed against the Norwegian Liberals and their Union policy is the "smaller" half of the Norwegian and the entire Swedish nation. The Norwegian Right and all Swedish parties, all their differences of opinion notwithstanding, agree in this, that they are "Unions-venlige" (friendly to the Union), that they will have the Union maintained with its present limits or further widened and strengthened. In opposition to these are the Norwegian Liberals, which party is called "Unions-frentogt" (hostile to the Union), because it desires a dissolution of the existing community between the countries in so far as it is not fixed by contract.

From what has already been said it will be seen that this grouping is quite arbitrary, giving an altogether erroneous picture of the relative position of the various parties. They are in this estimate grouped together more after an apparent than a real agreement, and this classification starts from the Union as a definite conception, which can only be understood in one manner, while the very difference of opinion on this conception is the origin and object of the conflict.

It would be doing the Norwegian Right a great injustice to attribute to them an "Unions-venliged" (friendship for the Union) of the same kind as that which has played first fiddle in the Swedish upper chamber, or to believe that they would, with regard to the Union, feel themselves more in agreement with Swedish Suprematists than with Norwegian Liberals. The very contrary is the fact. Against a Swedish supremacy policy and Swedish negation of the principle of equality within the Union and of the sovereignty of Norway stands a unanimous and united Norwegian people. Leading members of the Right have, on several occasions, publicly declared as their programme : Either Norway must get full equality within the Union or it must go out of the Union. And so much, at any rate, is certain, that no Norwegian public man will or dare

subscribe to a Union policy such as the one contained in the draft of 1866 for a new Rigsakt.

It would probably also be doing the Swedish nation an injustice to suppose that the supremacy policy is a Swedish national policy in the sense, that it is entertained by the overwhelming majority of the Swedish nation. What can be said with certainty is only that it is just now very fashionable in Sweden, and that it has been accepted in quarters which are exercising a dominant influence, although they do not possess any great amount either of ability or enlightenment. And this is bad enough, for nothing is more certain than that this supremacy policy is as stupid as it is brutal and unjust.

The Swedish Suprematists base their postulates on what they call "historic" foundation : The rights of Sweden by the Treaty of Kiel ; the non-recognition by the European great powers of the Norwegian sovereignty, from which follows that the rising against that treaty was rebellion ; the conquest of Norway with Swedish arms ; the consummation of the Union with Swedish blood and money ; the thankfulness on the part of the Norwegians due to Sweden for liberating them from the "Danish yoke," and more of the same kidney.

This is bad pleading, even looked at from a purely formal and judicial point of view, made up by bungling historical facts. According to international law the Norwegians were not bound to submit to the disposition of them made by the Treaty of Kiel ; the sovereignty of Norway did not require the recognition of the powers in 1814, as it was recognized long before ; Norway was not conquered in 1814, least of all with Swedish blood and money ; the war might rather be said to have taken place with German blood and English money ; the Norwegians have never known any "Danish yoke," and they owe to themselves and their good fortune, not to the Swedes, what they gained of freedom and independence in 1814.

But even if this Swedish "his-

torical" argument for the Swedish supremacy had been as clear and unanswerable as it is loose and unreliable, how insufficient would it not after all have been against this one fact, that the Norwegians have been and are as distinct a nationality and a national personality as the Swedes are, and that they have the right, which belongs to every nation with vital power, to be independent, and to defend their independence against all comers so far as their strength goes. How should the right, which is deduced from deeds of conveyance and treaties, let them be ever so good and legal, outweigh, in the eyes of any enlightened man that right which life itself and historic development gives?

And, further, what can reasonably be expected from the Swedish supremacy policy, except the nourishing of an idle and contemptible vanity? Real advantages it could only bring to Sweden, if the time could ever come, when the Norwegian nationality were completely crushed and Norway incorporated as an integral part of Sweden. But even if the Swedes might have thought anything of this kind possible in 1814, when Norway seemed to be on the verge of extinction, and the Norwegian nation had not yet fully shaken off the long, lethargic sleep in which it had lain during the union with Denmark, it ought to be plain that now, after the nation has developed so rapidly, and has become so fully equal to the Swedish in every respect, Sweden could not, when using all its might to coerce and subjugate Norway, obtain anything more thereby than an enemy. The goal which the Swedish Suprematists are aiming at is unattainable, and if it were not impossible it would be a crime. Those who pursue this policy are really what a Swedish politician of standing has branded them, "criminal lunatics."

But as Norway cannot by coercion become a part of Sweden, just as little can this happen by peaceful means, by a steady peaceful extension of the community between the countries. Those Swedish politicians who are will-

ing to renounce that supremacy of which Sweden is, as a matter of fact, in possession, but only in return for an equivalent, by which the Union should be further extended and strengthened; who are against a dissolution of the community in the management of foreign affairs and the representation abroad, but place on their programme a common Swedish-Norwegian foreign minister; who, in other words, prefer to renounce part of the sovereignty of Sweden rather than allow a more complete realization of the sovereignty of Norway — those politicians, we say, can only act thus because they stick to the old idea of the Union of 1814 as being a commencement, a first step on the road which should finally lead to the complete assimilation of the two nations, to the amalgamation of the two countries in a single state. This idea is a chimera; experience has already sufficiently proved it. The two nations are destined by nature and history to progress apart in different lines of development. The Union has not tended to bring them nearer to each other, rather to remove them further apart. And it has had this effect, not because it was originally too loosely knit, but rather because it was too tightly bound, because the common points were extended beyond the limits dictated by the well-understood interests of both nations, so that it has been felt as a burden and considered as a menace by the one part, as an unfulfilled promise by the other.

It is, however, not difficult to explain why the Swedes cling so tenaciously to the idea of the Norwegian-Swedish Union as the beginning of a new development, and consequently why they are so reluctant to accept the thought of a limitation or a dissolution of the existing community. Firstly, because the Union was accomplished, if not with Swedish blood and money, at all events on Swedish initiative. Secondly, because the community between two countries of such unequal power and population as Norway and Sweden may always be considered, with some reason, as an advantage to the greater

power, which can count upon always being, as a matter of fact, the dominant and leading partner in all common actions, let the principle of equality be ever so carefully realized — on paper. It is more strange that a Norwegian party should also carry their "friendship for the Union," so far as to oppose a dissolution of the community where it is not expressly stipulated by contract, although this dissolution would both as a realization of the principle of national independence and for purely practical reasons bring Norway great and evident advantages. The explanation can only be sought in considerations of purely party politics. It has already been stated that Norwegian servants of the crown and the moneyed classes had shown an inclination to entertain the proposal of the Swedish Riksdag of 1860 for a revision of the Act of Union, as they looked upon the Union as a safeguard of so great value against all democratic movements that they did not object to its extension, even when this would be on the basis of Swedish supremacy, and not on the basis of equality. A policy so unpatriotic as this could evidently not in the long run be upheld, nor gather round itself a party of vital power. The Right, composed originally principally of the Norwegian friends of the Swedish revision, relinquished gradually the far too-exposed position which it had at first occupied. But it continued to look upon the Union as the stronghold of the Conservative interests, in which it frequently took refuge, and which it would gladly have extended and strengthened, when this could be done in a manner which was not too openly in opposition to the honor and rights of Norway as an independent country. Recent experiences have, however, clearly demonstrated that the party has lost more than it has gained by its Union policy, that it must pay a price for the protection of the Union, which will in the end be too high. For on account of this policy the national feeling has turned against this party, and it has offended thereby that section of the Norwegian people which by its so-

cial position ought to be the very pillars of the Conservative cause — the peasantry. These experiences have not been without their influence; the "friendship for the Union" of the Right has lately cooled considerably, and one need not be a prophet to foresee that in the future it will cool still more, or that the party will come to understand that the Union may be a good thing in itself, but that it is necessary to be careful not to make too great use of it, and that by working for its extension it may be undermined altogether.

The Union policy of the Liberals, demanding a dissolution of the community so far as it is not fixed by contract, remains the only thing which can unite the Norwegian nation. The cause of the Liberals is in this respect also the cause of Norway. It is even possible to go a step further; it is also in reality the cause of Sweden, and of the Swedish nation. Sweden is just now dominated by a thoroughgoing bureaucratic-aristocratic reaction. Supremacy and "a single state" suits their book. But when the power of this reaction has been broken — and for the sake of Sweden it is to be hoped that this may happen soon, for it is sapping the strength of the Swedish nation in every direction — when a more Liberal tendency has gained the upper hand in Swedish political life, it will be accompanied by a growing respect for the national principle, which is the expression of modern humanity, and it will be acknowledged that artificial ties of state-law between the nations have the effect rather of dividing them than of bringing them closer together.

The Union policy of the Liberals is finally also that which ought to meet with support and sympathy in the rest of Europe, in so far as Europe is interested in peace and good fellowship between the two nations of the Scandinavian peninsula. But this good fellowship can only be gained by reducing the Union to the limits determined by the historical and geographical conditions: a defensive alliance, a common



king, community in war and peace—nothing more.

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## II.

### A KING'S SCHEME OF SCANDINAVIAN UNIFICATION.

STRANGE as it may seem, it appears that King Carl XV. of Sweden and Norway always warmly cherished the idea of a union of the three Scandinavian kingdoms under one king. Already in the time of King Frederick VII. of Denmark, King Carl mooted this idea to his royal cousin, but what really passed at the meetings between the two sovereigns we shall probably never learn. However, in 1863, a forward move was made by the king of Sweden and Norway summoning a great Scandinavian national economic congress at Gothenburg, and the king's views having already been secretly communicated to trusted leaders in both countries, this was an excellent opportunity for a unionist meeting. Therefore, whilst in the daytime the congress discussed the questions of a uniform system of money, weights, and measures, a secret conclave met at night whereat the great political scheme of unification was debated. "Articles of Union" were drawn up, but on one important point the plotters were unable to agree, viz., with respect to the future capital of the United Kingdoms. The Swedes advocated the claims of Gothenburg, but although the astute Danes fully admitted the excellent position of this town, they could not be persuaded to renounce the rival claims of their "dear" Copenhagen.

Troubles with Prussia having now begun, negotiations were opened respecting a military alliance between Denmark and Sweden-Norway, but led to nothing, as the Swedish-Norwegian ministry no doubt became aware of the unpopularity, in both countries of a compact which could only benefit one side. Therefore the negotiations were broken off, the Swedish minister for foreign affairs, Count Manderström,

remarking, however, consolingly, that "Sweden-Norway, whether a treaty be concluded or not, would, on Germany attacking Schleswig, render Denmark all assistance within their power and means." And it was no doubt this understanding which caused King Frederick, on opening the Danish Parliament a little later, to remark significantly in his speech: "We are determined to guard the independence of Denmark against all aggressions, and we are confident that in doing so we shall not stand alone."

However, the war came; but no aid from Sweden and Norway. Maybe this was rather cruel after all the hopes given, but it is now established beyond a doubt that this attitude was due to the menaces of Russia to invade Sweden and Norway if aid was rendered to Denmark.

However, King Carl had not abandoned his cherished plans, and in March, 1864, King Christian being now on the throne, he dispatched his librarian and confidant, a certain Herr von Quanten, to Copenhagen, upon a mission to sound leading Danish statesmen as to a Scandinavian Union, and this emissary was so far successful as to obtain a draft of a veritable Act of Union, which being, however, framed by Danes, was entirely Danish in tenor. With this document Von Quanten—who by the way appears to have lacked the most essential virtue of a diplomatist, viz., secrecy—returned to his master, who immediately dispatched him upon another journey to Copenhagen, being now the bearer of two autograph letters of great importance from King Carl, one for the king, one for his prime minister, Bishop Monrad, the celebrated scholar and ecclesiastic.

In both letters his Swedish Majesty promised to assist Denmark in arms if the latter power would officially announce its adherence to the formation of a United Scandinavian Kingdom. Moreover, Von Quanten furnished the Danish premier with a list of all the leading Danish statesmen, etc., who had declared in favor of the Union,



including influential members of both Houses, courtiers, etc., all of such prominence that the formation of a new Cabinet among them would be an easy matter. Bishop Monrad, too, appears to have at once joined the "new" party, the result being the entry into his Cabinet of the master of the hunt, Herr Carlsen, as minister of the interior, a warm supporter of the Union scheme.

The letter of the Swedish to the Danish king is dated April 18, the same day as the unfortunate battle of Dybbøl was fought.

It begins by pointing out the dangerous position of isolated minor States, and, referring to the advantages of a Scandinavian Union, calls attention to the fact that the plan is approved by men all of whom have but the welfare of Scandinavia at heart. In case Denmark's government and people would accept the plan, it should be officially proclaimed by them at the London Conference. However, King Carl could not undertake to gain the French for the plan, as Sweden could not take the initiative in a question involving the division of Schleswig, a Danish province.

To this remarkable communication King Christian sent the following pathetic reply, which we quote in full, as it now sees the light for the first time.

TO KING CARL XV., from KING CHRISTIAN IX.

MY DEAR CARL, — I thank you sincerely for your kind letter, and fully appreciate the friendly disposition dictating the same. With great interest, too, I have perused the preliminary plan for a closer political connection between ourselves, which you have forwarded me through my prime minister, and I have instructed him to report to me upon its details. But I feel at the same time bound personally to tell you how I value that unchangeable friendship which you have again shown me and my country, and how sincerely I share your opinion that it would be well for our people if the sympathies which have already long bound our princely houses together and united the nations, might be maintained and strengthened.

However dark things may look at present, and however great the danger surrounding me and my people may seem, I never doubt but that Providence will show us a prospect to a happier future, and this, my consoling hope, has found a joyful confirmation in this new proof of your friendship and your confidence. May it be vouchsafed us both to consolidate the true happiness of the nations whom we have been called to govern.

With these sentiments, I remain,  
Your friend and brother,  
CHRISTIAN.

Copenhagen, April 29th, 1864.

The proposed treaty of union was as follows: Sweden, Norway, and Denmark enter into a union by which in future these three powers will have a common foreign policy, and a common army and navy, as well as a common understanding in all cases where this may be naturally beneficial to the nations so closely related and so similarly developed as those of Scandinavia. In order to pave the way to this goal a Federal Parliament is at once to be created, consisting of an Upper and a Lower House. The members of the Upper House are to be elected for life, partly by both kings and partly by delegates from each country. Each country is to have an equal number of representatives in the Upper House. The Lower House is to be elected by the inhabitants of each country in such a manner as may be stipulated by the united Parliament. The number of members in the Lower House is to be proportionate to the number of inhabitants of each country. Both Houses decide by simple majority, and they are to meet in ordinary session every year. Extraordinary sessions may be convened by either king. The Parliament may be prorogued after six weeks' sitting. The Assembly votes the foreign budget for all three countries, fixes the standing army and the navy, arranges the organizations of both services of defence, decides their equipment, and also apportions the moneys to be contributed by each country according to the number of its inhabitants. It rests, however, with the National Assembly of

each country to decide in what manner the forces demanded by the Federal Parliament are to be raised, and the basis of taxation. The ministers of foreign affairs, war, and marine, are responsible to the Federal Parliament as regards all concerns appertaining to the administration of Federal affairs. These ministers are further to form a Federal Council, which may be convened by either king for the purposes of considering Federal affairs. In the Federal Parliament each government, as well as any member, may introduce bills dealing with the Federal administration, organization, and policy, and also respecting customs, post, telegraph, coinage, etc. However, any one of such measures passed must, in order to become law, also be passed by the National Assemblies of each country. The minister whom such a measure concerns in particular is responsible for its administration before the Federal Parliament.

Those parts of the Danish monarchy which at present belong to, or, in consequence of the war now raging, may come to belong to the German Federation, are to be completely severed from the Denmark proper which enters into a union with Sweden and Norway. The Scandinavian Federal State assumes no responsibility to preserve the *German* provinces for the Danish crown. On the other hand, Sweden and Norway engage with all their forces, and with all their means at disposal, to resist the loss to Denmark of the *Danish* portion of Schleswig. Sweden and Norway will also, during the coming negotiations for peace between Denmark and Germany, labor so that Schleswig, or such part thereof as shall not be incorporated in the German Federation, be immediately united with Denmark under the Danish constitution, so that Germany is deprived of all right to interfere in internal affairs of Denmark.

Finally, the Swedish-Norwegian and the Danish royal houses conclude between themselves a family compact, whereby the three Scandinavian crowns finally become united under

one head, and so that the idea of a "northern federation" be fully accomplished. This family compact is to be laid before the Federal Parliament.

Therefore, it will be seen that had this understanding been brought about, the fate of Schleswig would no doubt have been different.

However, Bishop Monrad now appears to have become apprehensive. Thus his reply to King Carl, dated April 28, although very courteous and grateful, expresses the opinion that the proposal "requires the most careful consideration, and its carrying into effect could of course only be done with the support of the constitutional organs of the land." Further on the Danish premier says significantly, "As long as the conference in London is assembled, and no result therefrom attained, any knowledge of these secret negotiations between the three northern powers, cannot fail to do Denmark harm; Russia as well as England would certainly oppose the union. An official discussion of the subject is no doubt desirable, but it must be conducted with the greatest secrecy, and, beyond all, no information of this must reach London."

On the same day the minister of the interior, Herr Carlsen, also wrote to the Swedish king, his letter being, however, far more encouraging, as the following passage will show:—

I am confident that there will be no obstacles on the part of my sovereign to effecting a loyal understanding. As far as Monrad is concerned I can guarantee that he will enter upon the negotiations with a profound conviction of the desirability of a union.

If we remember that the powers of Europe at this period sat in conclave in London upon the fate of Denmark, the contents of the proposed family compact, now also disclosed for the first time, cannot fail to be of interest. It is as follows:—

#### PROPOSAL FOR A FAMILY COMPACT BETWEEN THE SWEDISH AND DANISH ROYAL HOUSES.

He of the two kings who may survive the other becomes king of the three north-

ern kingdoms. Should King Christian die first then King Carl becomes king after him of all the three monarchies, and *vice versa*, should King Carl die first, King Christian becomes king. Should, on the other hand, King Christian be the survivor, Prince Oscar<sup>1</sup> becomes king after him of all the three countries, and should King Carl be the survivor Prince Frederick<sup>2</sup> becomes king. Should only one of the crown princes be alive on the death of both kings the crowns remain in his male line, and passes only when this is extinct to the male line of the other crown prince. Should Prince Oscar die as king, and Prince Frederick succeed him as king, the crowns remain in his (Prince Oscar's) male line. Should Prince Frederick die as king the crowns remain in his male line.

Should both Prince Oscar and his male line, and Prince Frederick and his male line have died out, then the heir presumptive is Prince Nicholas Augustus of Sweden and Norway (since deceased), and his male heirs, *i.e.*, if Prince Frederick and his male heirs have survived Prince Oscar and his male heirs. And, on the other hand, should Prince Oscar and his male heirs survive Prince Frederick and his male heirs, then Prince Waldemar (the present Prince Waldemar of Denmark, third son of King Christian) and his male heirs inherit the crowns.

In the first-mentioned instance Prince Waldemar inherits after Prince Augustus and his male heirs, and in the second instance Prince Augustus inherits after Prince Waldemar and his male heirs. Should the male lines of both Prince Augustus and Prince Waldemar have died out, then King George I. of Greece and his male heirs inherit the three northern crowns! What a prospect!

This remarkable proposal was, naturally, never taken into serious consideration by the Swedish king.

We next come to the negotiations at the London Congress, and we now learn that within a day or two of that body agreeing upon a prince between the combating powers, the king of Sweden and Norway gave orders for the immediate mobilization of the entire Swedish and Norwegian armies and

fleets, and about the middle of May there had assembled in the Hakefjord, near Gothenburg, the largest naval force ever collected in Scandinavia, a force not to be despised at that time. The whole fleet was under the command of the present king, Oscar II., and on June 8 it was inspected by King Carl. This fleet manœuvred in the Cattgat for about a fortnight, being then fully prepared to take the offensive, and orders were in fact hourly awaited to make a naval demonstration in Prussian waters, when, fortunately for the Swedish and Norwegian nations, the remonstrances of Russia and England became too serious to be ignored, and on June 17 King Carl gave orders for the dispersal of the fleet.

This was the last of the gallant attempts of the king of Sweden-Norway to assist Denmark and the Danish king.

That the dispersal of the Swedish-Norwegian fleet caused great injury to the Danish cause cannot be doubted, as, had war been declared, all the coast towns of Prussia would have been at the mercy of a fleet of such formidable dimensions, according to the ideas of that day, as Prussia had hardly a ship to muster in opposition. This was well known in Prussia, and it was with a sigh of relief that the dispersal of the fleet was learned. There was now nothing to fear, and Denmark had to pay the penalty of Swedish sympathy by being deprived of the whole of both duchies.

Already in 1856, when viceroy of Norway, King Carl paid a momentous visit to Copenhagen, having just concluded some delicate negotiations in Christiania with Prince Napoleon on behalf of Napoleon III., the object of the journey being to sound King Frederick VII. as to whether his Majesty was disposed for a United Scandinavian kingdom, the formation of which, at that time, was also one of the political schemes of the emperor. The journey naturally bore no direct political fruits, but it caused a warm friendship to spring up between the two monarchs, which lasted to the death of King Frederick in the autumn of 1863.

<sup>1</sup> Oscar II., brother of Carl XV.

<sup>2</sup> The present crown prince of Denmark.

It was now thought by King Carl and his supporters that the moment had come for the realization of his dream, and the king was in reality quite ready to throw in his lot with Denmark, but it was now discovered that the Unionist party had based their policy upon assumptions that proved false when the moment for action arrived. Thus the king and those that shared his views had only taken two factors into account, viz., Scandinavia and Germany, *placidity relying upon the tacit support of the Western powers*. But on this point their calculations were utterly wrong. First, France had now entirely changed her front. The scheme which in 1856 (of a Scandinavian federation) had found so much favor with Napoleon III. was, in 1863-64, highly displeasing to the French government, for reasons already fully disclosed in Prussian diplomatic documents, France, at the time of the death of the king of Denmark, being in reality supporting the German powers on the understanding that she should receive compensation "in other quarters," which meant probably Belgium. And it was no doubt the knowledge of this understanding which caused Lord Palmerston to abstain from interference on behalf of Denmark. It was said in Scandinavian political circles of that day that this view was shared by the Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, but with what justification we are unable to say. There are even those who go farther, and maintain that England was in reality as strongly opposed to a Scandinavian federation as Russia — an opposition now known, beyond doubt, to have been entertained in Russian political circles — and that this was an additional reason for England's neutrality. There seem, indeed, very good grounds for this view, as neither then nor now could it be in the interest of this country to see established a strong united Scandinavian kingdom between herself and her natural foe.

However that may be, we know with certainty that there was another great power, already alluded to, which exer-

cised a far stronger influence upon the action of King Carl in respect of Denmark than either of the Western powers, namely, Russia. As a matter of course Russia would at any time oppose a powerful Scandinavian federation, and although there is as yet much to be learned upon the relations, at that period, between Czar Alexander II. and King Carl XV., we know for a fact that the Russian minister in Stockholm told him, that the moment Swedish troops crossed the Sound one Prussian army corps would invade northern Sweden and another Norway, the latter occupying the Varangerfjord, an open haven all the year round always much coveted by Russia. It was this threat and no other, which finally decided King Carl reluctantly, and with great sorrow we may be sure, to abandon his royal friend, and for this conduct that noble monarch has been greatly blamed. But must not any one with common sense admit that the disclosures of State secrets which have now been made only tend to display the wisdom and patriotism of a king who has with some justice been called the "Bayard of the North." In fact there can be no better proof of the ardor and sincerity of Carl XV. in his friendship for the Danes and their king than that upon the despairing Danish federation party in the early part of 1863, dispatching to Stockholm an emissary, Lieutenant-General Rosenmüller, in order to obtain from King Carl a definite assurance of aid for Denmark, that chivalrous but impetuous monarch at once acquiesced, sending back the messenger with the brief but heroic despatch in his own handwriting: "I will come myself with twenty-two thousand men."

With coolness on the part of England, secret opposition in France, with armed opposition in Germany, and threatened aggression from Russia, a ruler who had chivalrously taken up the cudgels on behalf of Denmark in 1863 would indeed have been unfit to govern.

There remains only to be said that it is hardly credible to Swedes and Nor-

wegians of the present day that at any time a union with the Danes could have been seriously contemplated by their ruler and his advisers.

CARL SIEWERS.

From Longman's Magazine.  
"THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

BY M. E. FRANCIS,  
AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL;"  
"THE STORY OF DAN;" "IN A NORTH  
COUNTRY VILLAGE," ETC.

MRS. LOVELADY had just "cleaned her" for dinner, and was coming downstairs, tying the strings of her fresh white apron over the crisp folds of her bedgown, when she caught sight of a towering figure in the open doorway.

"It's yo', is it, Mester Leatherbarrow? Han yo' been waitin' long? I never heered nobry knock."

"I were hammerin' nigh a quarter of an hour," returned the visitor briefly and ungraciously. "Is Joe in?"

"I'm expectin' him in a two-three minutes. It's jest upon dinner time. Coom yo'r ways in, Mester Leatherbarrow. I'm sorry yo'n bin knockin' so long. Th' lass is busy scrubbing upstairs, an' I'd jest gone up to wesh me. I fancy our Catty mun be out."

Young Farmer Leatherbarrow stalked into the big kitchen and sat down in the chintz-covered elbow chair, hat on head, and stick in hand. Presently pursing up his lips he began to whistle.

He was, as has been said, a very giant in proportions, and there was a certain fierceness in his bronzed and bearded face, and a surliness in his manner which caused him to be generally disliked and feared. But Robert Leatherbarrow was indifferent to the opinion of his neighbors. He lived quite alone with an ancient house-keeper in his big farm—the biggest and most productive in the place—and was reported to have made money untold, which, as he had no near "kin," and was apparently a confirmed bachelor, was considered by the village gossips to be a mistake on the part of Providence.

Mrs. Lovelady, in no way troubled  
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by the new-comer's lack of politeness, busied herself with preparations for dinner. After hospitably inquiring that he would not stay and have a bite, and being curtly refused, she left the morose guest alone, and proceeded cheerfully to lay the table for three.

Presently the jingling notes of a piano sounded from the adjoining room, and Leatherbarrow ceased whistling. Somebody was playing "Home, sweet Home" with a great deal of expression, and an absolute disregard of time.

"It's our Catty," observed Mrs. Lovelady. "Hoo's whoam again fro' school yo know'n. Hoo knows all 'at onybody con teach her now. Hark at her playin'—an' hoo con do th' fancy work thot beautiful it's like a pictur. An' hoo con talk French—eh' nowt 'ud serve her but to call our little tarrier 'Bong' because hoo says it's French fur good."

The "variations" had now begun in the next room. The air being thumped out with much conscientiousness and vigor in the bass, and supported by a meandering and somewhat weak treble accompaniment.

"All they little high runnin' notes is done wi' her left 'and," explained Mrs. Lovelady, her pride in her daughter's accomplishments overcoming her respect for young Leatherbarrow's taciturn habit.

He looked up with a dawning interest in his dark eyes.

"Hoo mun be wonderful clever," he said.

"Eh! my word, hoo is; I'll call her in, see. Yo' han't seen her sin' hoo wur child-little. Catty"—opening the door—"I want thee here a minute."

"Coming, mother!" answered a girl's voice; then, with a final flourish and flounder over the keys, "Home, sweet Home" was disposed of, and the performer entered the room.

A handsome, well-grown wench, unusually dark for a North-country girl, with black hair rolled high on her head, and straight black brows overshadowing eyes as black as Leatherbarrow's own.



"This here's Mester Leatherbarrow, Catty," said her mother. "I doubt thou'lt scarce remember him."

"Yes, I do," returned Miss Catty saucily. "We used to call him 'Boggart Bob' at school, when we were children, because he always looked so black and so cross he frightened us."

"Well to be sure," cried Mrs. Lovelady, laughing. "Eh, but thou's mended thy manners sin' then, Catty."

"It's more then he has, then," cried her daughter. "I suppose you never heard, Mr. Leatherbarrow, that it isn't considered polite to keep your hat on indoors, and to sit still when you are introduced to a lady."

"'Ark at her!" cried the mother under her breath, admiring, but awe-stricken too.

A sudden gleam came into Farmer Leatherbarrow's eyes, and his white teeth flashed out in an unexpected and very pleasant smile. He removed his hat and stood up, observing after a moment's pause:—

"Well, will yo' shak' 'ands now?"

Catty advanced, a smile on her red lips, and her eyes dancing. Robert Leatherbarrow shook hands in a solemn and thoroughly efficient manner, a dark flush overspreading his face the while. Maidens' eyes had met his often, in fear, dislike, or curiosity, but never before had a girl's laughing glance sought his. His surly manners had many a time, as he knew, given offence, but never had any one chidden him for them, and chidden him so gaily. As he pumped Catty's hand up and down, and looked at Catty's sparkling face, the big, uncouth, unpopular giant fell hopelessly in love.

Presently a cheery shout without, and a stamping of earth-clogged feet announced the arrival of Farmer Joe Lovelady—a tall, stout man with grizzled hair, and sandy whiskers, and an air of prosperity which did not belie him, for next to Robert Leatherbarrow he was the most well-to-do farmer in the place; so prosperous, indeed, that when Catty demanded to finish her education at a boarding-school, he consented without hesitation,

though the neighbors were scandalized at the extravagance.

Catty was sent to an establishment many miles from her home, was taught music and French—which she pronounced in the very best Manchester method; on her return she wore her hair "done up fash'nable," and eschewed bedgowns and donned hats on a week-day. Some of the village matrons feared she would come to no good, especially when they discovered that, though she had not yet been a month at home, several rustic gallants were already disputing for the honor of "keeping company" with her.

"Well, Robert," said Farmer Lovelady, greeting Boggart Bob with his favorite one-sided nod, "an' how arto, lad? Will'ee have a bit o' dinner wi' us?"

Leatherbarrow mechanically began to shake his head, but suddenly changing his mind, blushed again to the roots of his hair, and nodded instead.

"I don't mind if I do," he said gruffly; after which he cleared his throat in a loud and aggressive manner.

"Thot's reet!" cried Mrs. Lovelady heartily, "I'm glad yo'n changed yo'r mind. Second thoughts is best sometimes."

The dinner, pork and beans, being placed on the table, hosts and guest fell to with a will; the flutter of Robert's spirits in no way affecting his appetite. When the meal was over the two men went out, and Robert broached his business. It had something to do with a reaping machine, and was easily disposed of; but he still lingered.

"Thot's not all," he remarked after a long pause, during which Joe had placidly awaited his pleasure, staring at him, and sucking his pipe the while. "Theer's summat else I want to ax yo'." He coughed and shuffled with his feet. "Yo'r lass, yon, a mon met do war nor wed her."

Joe withdrew his pipe and chuckled. "Very well said, Robert. Yo'r reet. A mon met do a dale war."

"I'd be fain to wed her mysel',"



observed Boggart Bob, "if yo' hannot no objections."

"Noan i' th' warld, mon, if hoo's willin'. Thou'd mak' her as coomfortable as only one I reckon. But dunnot be in a hurry, sitha, Bob, hoo's a bit tickle and hoo's apt to tak' fancies. Hoo's bin eddicated above the common, thou knows. Do thy coortin' cautious, I advise thee."

Following this counsel Farmer Leatherbarrow was so extremely cautious over his courting that Catty did not find out she was being courted at all. His conversation when he "dropped in" occasionally of an evening was entirely confined to monosyllables, even these being extracted with difficulty by either of her parents. The latter preserved an admirable discretion for a considerable time, Mr. Lovelady observing to his "missus" that Bob was out and out the best match in the country, and that though he went a queer way to work there was no knowing but what he met get as thick wi' th' lass that gate as any other; and Mrs. Lovelady responding that tastes differed to be sure, and no doubt 't 'ud be a good job if their Catty could fancy him, but for her part she couldn't as ever was tak' a likin' fur yon great stark, black-lookin' felley.

After Robert had continued his visits for a considerable time, however, without advancing matters in the least, his would-be father-in-law resolved to give him a hint; and accordingly one evening, as he accompanied him to the gate on his departure, he remarked jocularly:—

"Bob, if I're thee I'd get a bit forrader."

"How's thot?" said Boggart Bob.

"Why, thou's bin coomin' 'ere a month an' more, an' th' wench dunnot know yet thou's arter her. Thot's a foony mak' o' coortin', mon!"

"Oh," said Bob reflectively. "Hoo dunnot know I'm arter her? I'll let her know if thot's all."

The next day was Saturday and the rector of the parish was just giving a final polish to his sermon when he was informed that Mr. Leatherbarrow

wanted to see him. Following hard upon the messenger's heels was Mr. Leatherbarrow himself, very red in the face, and several sizes too big for the cosy little study.

"Good-afternoon, Bob," said the rector pleasantly; "sit down, won't you? Can I do anything for you?"

Bob declined a chair, and stood twirling his hat with big, uncertain fingers; staring at the rector meanwhile.

The latter repeated his question, and Bob with great difficulty mastered his voice.

"Well, theer is summat," he observed in husky tones; then he wiped his brow. "I'd as soon see yo' i' the vestry," he added, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

The rector rose, amused and curious; and led the way thither, Bob stalking after him with a gloomy and forbidding expression of countenance. Arrived at the vestry, he looked round, coughed, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and finally remarked:—

"Her name's Catty."

The rector could not repress a burst of laughter.

"What, Bob! Are you contemplating matrimony?"

"I'm bahn to get wed," returned Leatherbarrow fiercely.

"And a very good thing, too. I congratulate you. Pray excuse my laughing. I was a little taken by surprise. Who is the lady?"

"Lovelady's wench. Her name is Catty—so yo' con start shoutin' us o' Sunday, pa'son. Good-arternoon."

He was gone before the rector had time to recover from his amazement.

On Sunday, therefore, to the astonishment of the whole congregation, especially of one of the parties most particularly concerned, the banns of marriage were published between Robert Leatherbarrow of the Grange Farm and Catherine Lovelady of Lowton.

In the dead stillness which succeeded the announcement—all the coughing and blowing of noses ceasing as by magic—a smothered cry was heard, and the bride-elect was observed to be violently agitated. This was felt to be

natural and even pardonable under the circumstances. Rustic etiquette prescribes the absence of bride and bridegroom from the service at which their banns are published; but, though Catty had set this unwritten law at defiance, her susceptibility on hearing herself "shouted" was considered ample atonement. As for Robert, who sat stolidly staring straight in front of him, "nobry" expected no better from him.

But when, after church, a little band of sympathizers and well-wishers approached to compliment and congratulate her, they were surprised to find Miss Lovelady in as pretty a fury as ever an ill-used maiden gave way to.

"He never so mich as axed me," she cried, in good, broad Lancashire, forgetting her educated speech in her excitement. "Yo'n no need to moider me wi' yo'r good wishes. I'm noan bahn to wed wi' him, nor wouldn't if theer was never another young mon i' th' place."

"Sich impidence!" exclaimed her mother, pushing her way with an exasperated countenance through the group of astonished friends. "Goin' an' puttin' up the banns, wi'out a word to us!"

"I'll let him know summat," growled Joe Lovelady; "I will thot."

"Here he cooms!" cried the excited crowd. "Here's Bob Leatherbarrow!"

"Well, and what's to do?" asked Boggart Bob, pausing to scowl round, and looking very big and ugly.

Catty, at sight of him, showed symptoms of impending "high-strikes," and was consequently borne off by her mother and one or two other compassionate matrons, while Farmer Lovelady angrily faced the swain.

"Thou's done fur thyself now, as how 'tis," he observed; "the lass 'll never thoal th' seet on thee. Thou'rt a gradely noddie, Bob Leatherbarrow, and more nor a noddie! Did ever a body hear o' sich a notion? To goo an' get the lass shouted afore thou knowed if hoo were willin' to wed thee or not. Hoo'll never wed thee now."

Bob drew a long breath, and threw another frowning glance round.

"If hoo dunnot wed me hoo'll wed nobry else," he observed. "An' so yo' con tell her, Joe."

"Thot's a likely tale!" cried the father, while a few of the rustic sparks standing by nudged each other and laughed derisively.

"Ah, yo' may titter and giggle!" cried Bob, "but I mean what I say. Yo' young chaps theer—are yo' 'arkenening? If ony on yo' has a fancy fur keepin' coompany wi' Catty Lovelady, give it up! I'll ha' summat to say to thot. Hoo's my lass, an' I'll stick to her, an' I'll wed her, soon or late. So theer! Good-day to yo', Joe!"

The indignation of Catty when this speech was reported to her knew no bounds.

"We'll see who'll hold out the longest," she cried, and when her lover called the following evening she shut the door in his face. But Bob took the rebuff calmly.

"I'm gettin' the parlor done up at our place," he shouted through the keyhole. "Red curtains and a Brussels carpet. Rale 'andsome."

"What do I care about your curtains and your carpets?" retorted Catty.

"An' next week we's ha' th' new pianner as I ordered fro' Liverpool."

"Much good may it do you!"

Heavy steps were heard without, moving away, and then drawing near again.

"Catty!"

"Go away. I'm not going to talk to you."

"Catty, I'll have yo'! Dun yo' hear, Catty? I'll have yo'! I care nowt fur what yo' say—I'll have yo'!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed old Joe, from the kitchen within. "Th' chap's fair determined. I welly b'lieve he'll win the day."

"We'll see that!" cried Catty, rejoining the family circle with a flaming face, while her suitor cheerfully bade her good-night through the keyhole.

After two or three more unsuccessful attempts to see his charmer, Leatherbarrow came no more to the Loveladys' farm. The rector, on being informed how matters stood, had, of course, declined to publish the banns a second time, and by and by the gossips ceased to discuss the matter. Boggart Bob's threatened vengeance had, at first, the wholesome effect of keeping all other admirers at a discreet distance, but after a time they plucked up sufficient courage to approach the young lady, and at last, emboldened by the attitude of lofty aloofness which Leatherbarrow saw fit to maintain, one or two of them ventured to be more particular in their attentions.

One bright breezy Sunday in early April, a certain David Alcock, a fair-haired youth, prepossessing in mien, and witty and brilliant in conversation, persuaded Miss Lovelady to go for a walk with him instead of attending afternoon service. The larks were singing, the young green corn rippling in the fields, a pungent aromatic smell of bursting buds and springing growths was in the sunshiny air, and the breeze had a freshness and tartness in it which exhilarated the young people like wine. What more natural than that, as they paced beside the blossoming hedges, the couple should walk arm-in-arm? They were proceeding very happily indeed, talking a great deal of nonsense, and giggling about nothing at all, when a stentorian voice on the other side of the hedge made them start apart and look round.

"Drop it!" cried the voice. "Yo', David Alcock! Drop it!"

It was Boggart Bob.

"Drop what?" cried David, red-denying and squaring his shoulders.

"Drop coortin' o' my lass!" roared Farmer Leatherbarrow.

"She's none of yo'r gurl," replied David, speaking "fine" in honor of his superior companion. "This young lady is keepin' company with me, Bob Leatherbarrow. Jest yo' mind your own business, if yo' please!"

"David," responded Bob, "I've had my e'en on yo' a two-three weeks.

I've gi'en yo' warnin' afore, and now I'll gi' it again. Yo' leave my wench alone, and I've leave yo' alone. Coom, it's yo'r last chance!"

"Shall we walk on, Miss Lovelady?" inquired Alcock, with a transparent assumption of indifference. "I presume we've no need to stand argu-fyin' here."

"Let's walk on, by all means," said Catty, a little pale but determined. "Good-day to you, Mr. Leatherbarrow."

"Good-day to yo', Catty," said Bob with unexpected placidity. "Good-day, David. Dunnot hurry yo'sel', mon, I con bide."

The young pair strolled on, with dignified gait, holding their heads high and talking loudly of indifferent matters. But there was a certain lack of animation in their conversation now, and they were neither so light-hearted nor so affectionate as before the encounter.

They went home by another way, but as they neared Lowton Farm they found Leatherbarrow seated on a stile which commanded a full view of the premises, and reflectively chewing a straw. He nodded as they passed.

"Dunnot hurry yo'sel', David; theer's plenty o' time."

"I know he means to do you a mischief," cried Catty breathlessly, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"I'm not afeard of him," retorted David valiantly. "He's a great big bully, but I reckon I'm pretty nigh as good a mon as he."

They were now close to the farm door, and Catty ran in, eager to procure her father's assistance in the event of Bob's offering violence to her admirer. But Joe, lying outstretched in his easy-chair before the fire, was hard to rouse, and even when he was thoroughly awake it was difficult to enlist his sympathy.

"What art talking about, lass? What's thou to do wi' Alcock? What brought thee walking wi' him, eh? An idle, good-for-nothing chap as ever I see. Sarve him reet if Bob does thrash him."

"Oh, but he'll kill him!" sobbed Catty.

"An' a good job too!" said her father, yawning. "Theer'll be one wastril out of the road as how t' is."

A great shouting and scuffling with-out made Catty shriek and run to the door, followed by her mother, who came hurrying from the back kitchen, while Joe got out of his chair and shuffled in his stocking-feet to the open air.

There was Boggart Bob dragging along his rival by the collar, and pausing at intervals to shake him as a terrier might shake a rat.

"For shame!" cried Catty furiously. "He's not half your size, Bob Leatherbarrow, you're a coward!"

Leatherbarrow stood still.

"If he'd bin my size I'd ha' welly killed him," he observed; "but seein' as he's sich a nesh little chap I'm lettin' him 'ave it light for this once. Coom on, an' we's get it ower."

Poor David was hauled on, vainly kicking and struggling, to the duck pond in the midst of the yard, in the noxious waters of which Bob ruthlessly plunged him. Once, twice, three times—then, after a final shake, he flung him into the middle.

A little crowd had collected by this time, and when David emerged, dripping, sputtering, and covered from head to foot with green odoriferous mud, a shout arose of mingled indignation and amusement.

"David Alcock, are yo' 'arkenin'?" said Bob, wiping his hands on his handkerchief. "I tow'd yo' what to look for if yo' meddled wi' me, and if yo' meddle again yo'll get war—an' so'll any chap as thinks to coort my Catty. I tell yo' plain."

"I'll 'ave the law on yo'," whimpered David, who had been vainly endeavoring to clear the mud from his face.

"What's thot yo' say?" cried Bob, wheeling round. "I tell yo' what, lad, if yo' sauce me I'll gi' yo' a roll i' th' midden. Well, Catty," he inquired, turning pleasantly to the girl who stood by, white and horror-stricken, "what

thinken' yo' o' yo'r sweetheart now, eh? He's none so sweet, I doubt. And I'll sarve any other mon the same—and war. Yo'd better tak' up wi' me. Coom, Catty," he went on tenderly, "will yo' have me?"

A perfect shout of laughter rose from the bystanders; even Farmer Lovelady released his daughter from his restraining grip that he might hold his shaking sides.

Catty, stung by the general merriment into sudden energy, struck out with all her might at the hateful face as it advanced towards her, and caught it fair on one swarthy cheek; then, pushing through the now uproarious crowd, she fled into the house.

Bob clapped his hand to his tingling visage.

"My word!" he cried admiringly. "Thot was a gradely smack! Hoo's very near the strength of a mon! Theer isn't another wench in England could hit out same's thot. Eh, Joe, yo' can be proud o' yo'r lass! If I'd never a fancy fur her before, I'd fancy her now."

With that he moved away slowly, his hand still meditatively stroking his jaw, and a pleased smile on his lips. This new revelation of Catty's character filled him with wondering rapture—to find her with such a spirit of her own was as unexpected as delightful. The more his cheek smarted, the deeper he fell in love.

Meanwhile poor Catty found herself in the most humiliating and unpleasant predicament in which a girl of her class and aspirations could be placed.

The young man with whom she felt most disposed to make friends had been very efficiently checked, and there was scarcely any chance of another gallant being brave enough or foolish enough to take his place.

She did, indeed, as a last resource try the desperate expedient of flirting with two youths at a time, thinking there would be safety in numbers, and flattering herself that she could secretly make choice of either while apparently encouraging both; but Boggart Bob spared her the anguish of indecision.

The very first Sunday that the lady's brace of admirers escorted her home from church Bob waylaid them, knocked their heads together till their ideas were a good deal confused, and then rolled them in the mud—not only was it damaging to temper and self-respect to "coort" Catty Lovelady; it was utter destruction to Sunday clothes. After this the hapless damsel was altogether shunned by the youth of the neighborhood, a fact upon which Farmer Leatherbarrow commented grimly, observing that it was a good job folks were beginnin' to see he was in earnest, else he was afear'd he couldn't let the next chap off so easy.

There was apparently no redress for Catty. Her would-be admirers were either not sufficiently ardent or too much afraid of ridicule to have recourse to the law. Her father persisted in regarding each fresh outrage as part of an excellent joke, and moreover added insult to injury by asserting that it would have to be Bob in the end. Catty would see if it wouldn't. Farmer Leatherbarrow's social status had a good deal to say to this parental heartlessness, and moreover honest old Joe had always entertained a sneaking liking for the surly, straightforward neighbor for whom nobody had a good word, and who, nevertheless, with the exception of his recent outbreaks, had never been known to do any one an ill turn.

Mrs. Lovelady agreed with every one in turn; grumbling with Catty, laughing with her husband, and falling in with the opinion of certain sage gossips that "it 'ud not be sich a bad job arter all if th' lass 'ud coom round to Robert Leatherbarrow," and that, as how it was, his lookin' so sharp arter her kep' her out o' mischief."

One Saturday afternoon just when most housewives are busy and callers are least looked for, Boggart Bob thrust his great black head in at Lovelady's door.

Mrs. Lovelady happened to be polishing her steel fire-irons, and looked up in not the sweetest mood.

"Wheer's Catty?" asked Bob.

"I'm sure I don't know—I think hoo went for a walk—hoo'd fettled up parlor, an' then hoo said hoo'd go out. What brings yo' here to-day, Robert?" Mrs. Lovelady had called Leatherbarrow by his Christian name since he had begun to court her daughter. "Yo' ha' not bin fur quite a long while. I thought yo' had given ower coomin'."

"I want to show Catty summat," said Bob. "Good-day. I'm bahn to look fur her."

After scouring the country for an hour or so he caught sight of Catty's dark red dress among the reeds which surrounded a certain large pond at some distance from the path. A few strides of his long legs brought him alongside of her.

Now Catty, as it happened, was feeling melancholy. It was a lovely autumn day, a day to make young hearts leap and young blood course merrily through the veins; as she peered into the water beneath her she saw the reflection of her own face framed by yellow irises and plummy reeds, and said to herself, sadly, that it was a very pretty face, and it was a dismal thing to think that she would never have a lover. What was the good of being young, and pretty, and clever, and "edicated above the common," if it must be her fate either to put up with Boggart Bob as a husband or to accept the lot of an old maid?

She had passed several loving Saturday couples on the road; amongst the rest David Alcock with a little dumpy, freckled, red-haired girl; and David had pretended not to see her, but after she had passed she had heard the dumpy girl laugh; and then she had betaken her to the fields with red cheeks and a sore heart.

"David was the nicest of them," she thought, but all the lads avoided her now.

As she leaned forward, looking mournfully at the likeness of her red draperies and dark-eyed face mirrored in the still pool, the dappled patch of sky which floated amid the trembling, shadowy reeds was suddenly overcast,



and the semblance of a swarthy, eager face appeared beside her own.

With a start and a scream, she turned; Boggart Bob was looking over her shoulder into the water.

"Didn't yo' hear me coom?" he asked. "See, Catty, look yonder—our two faces side by side!"

"I'm sure I don't want to see 'em," cried Catty, but she looked nevertheless, and thought how pink and white her own seemed next to his dark one. And then, in a minute, Bob's beard brushed her cheek and he kissed her.

"Oh!" she cried, jumping back and turning fiery red; "oh! how I do hate you!"

"Catty, I couldn't help it!" pleaded Bob apologetically. "Seein' th' two faces so nigh to one another i' th' water, yo' knowen—'twas more than a mon could ston'!"

Catty began to walk away without answering; she would have liked to run, but scorned to abate a jot of her dignity. Bob, with one stride, came alongside of her.

"Catty, I want to show yo' summat at my place. Will yo' coom?"

"Likely, I'm sure," she returned loftily.

Bob heaved a sigh.

"Well, I'd as soon yo'd coom pleasant—'t'ud be a dale agree'bler. But if yo' wonnot walk o' yo'r own feet I mun carry yo'."

Catty stood still; her face white, her heart thumping violently. The place was very lonely; nothing in sight but waving corn and wide, bare meadowland; not a sound to be heard but the whistle of a flock of plover overhead and the rustle of the reeds.

"Bob Leatherbarrow," she said, "you are a mean coward of a man to threaten a girl. But you are stronger than me, and I suppose I shall have to give in. I'm going against my will, but I'll walk."

"Catty," answered Bob, "them's cruel words! Threaten yo'! Eh, my lass! d' yo' think I'd ever seech to hurt yo'?"

"Then why can't you let me be?" she cried passionately; a sob rose in

her throat, but she choked it down.

"Go on, then, if we must go."

They walked together in silence till they reached the Grange; Bob looking downcast and unhappy, and Catty raging in her heart.

In the middle of the yard stood a smart yellow dogcart; no horse was in the shafts, but a set of new brass-mounted harness was flung negligently over the seat.

"Thot," observed Leatherbarrow diffidently, "thot's a new trap, that is."

Catty cast a brief and irate glance at it, and walked on.

"An' th' 'arness is new too," added Bob.

The girl vouchsafed no comment, and Leatherbarrow, with an air of deep depression, ushered her into the house.

In the narrow passage was an aggressively new iron coat-stand, upon which, as he passed, he rapped with a timid knuckle. "For 'ats and sich-like," he explained.

Through an open doorway came a glowing vision of an immense kitchen, which, from the coppers on the walls to the fitches hanging from the rafters, was everything that a farm kitchen ought to be. An old woman was toasting muffins before the fire, and a tidy, rosy-cheeked girl was setting out tea-cups on a tray.

Robert pointed out the latter and observed in a stage whisper, "Hoo's a new maid—nobbut jest coom."

Then, throwing open the parlor door, he requested Catty to walk in.

It was certainly a magnificent room. The pattern of the Brussels carpet positively jumped to the eye, and the curtains were as red as red could be. There was, moreover, an armchair to match, besides the sofa and six small chairs.

Bob closed the door carefully and stood still.

"Yon's th' new planner," he remarked, jerking his thumb towards it, "an' thot theer's what they call a work-table; theer's little places fur silks an' wools an' thot inside. An' this 'ere



table-cloth—did yo' chance to notice th' table-cloth? It costed a dale o' money thot table-cloth did."

His face was crimson, and while he spoke big drops broke out on his brow.

"Theer's chaney," he continued tremulously, "i' th' cupboard yonder an' silver spoons—an' a taypot—an' hauce-a-dozen forks." He paused. "Han yo' tried th' armcheer? It's as soft! An' a silk cushion an' all. Do set yo' down in it."

Catty complied, at once astonished, curious, and exasperated. She was impressed in spite of herself by the splendors around her, and was annoyed with herself for being impressed. What did it matter to her, after all? And yet—if Boggart Bob had only been any other man!

He now planted himself in front of her.

"I wanted to show yo' they things," he said huskily. "Catty, they're all yourn if yo'll have 'em. I've bin buyin' 'em up one time and another, and now all's ready. Yo' met be as comfortable as th' queen 'ere, wi' yo'r new parlor an' yo'r two maids an' all. Eh, Catty! couldn't yo' noways tak' a fancy to me?"

"No, I couldn't," cried Catty crossly. "What is the good of going on so when I've told you over and over again that if there wasn't another man in the world I'd never look at you?"

Bob heaved a deep sigh.

"Well, it's jest th' t'other way round wi' me. If ther was twenty thousand lassies bonnier nor yo'sel', and every one on 'em willin' to wed me, I'd never look at none but yo'. I can't understand it. Here am I ready to do owt i' th' wide world fur yo'—I'd never grudge yo' nowt—an' ther yo're wishing me out o' yo'r seet! I wonder, Catty, whatever made yo' turn against me thot gate?"

"You wonder!" cried Catty, and she bounced out of the armchair. "Well, of all! Why, how can I do anything but hate you? Haven't you made my life a misery to me ever since I knew you? Didn't you make me a laughing-stock to begin with, having

our banns given out without even asking my leave? and haven't you persecuted me ever since?"

"Nay, nay," said Leatherbarrow. "Persecuted? Nay."

"What else can you call it? Fighting and threatening people till they are afraid to come near me. Why can't you let me alone? Why can't I walk out with any one I like without you interfering?"

"I never interfered wi' nobry nob—but th' lads, Catty," expostulated Bob mildly.

"Well, that's just it!" cried she, stamping her foot.

"How can I let another chap keep company wi' yo' when I'm keepin' company mysel'? 'Tisn't in rayson. If they'd leave yo' alone I'd leave them alone."

"You mean to go on like this always, then?" interrupted Catty angrily.

"Well," said Bob, "once we're wed, yo' knowen, ther wunnot be no 'casion fur 't."

"Oh dear!" she cried, and then she burst into tears. "Oh dear, oh dear, I'm the most miserable girl alive!"

"Catty!" said Bob in amazement. He had never seen her cry before, and was overwhelmed at the sight.

"Yes," sobbed she, "I am. I wish I was dead, that I do! I detest the very sight of you, but I suppose I shall have to marry you some time, because I am so tired of always saying no, and never having any fun like other girls. But you'll be very sorry, I can tell you that!"

She jerked down her handkerchief and looked at him, her eyes glowing through her tears.

"I'll do my very best to *make* you sorry—I'll make you *rue* the way you have treated me. I'll pay you out, see if I don't!"

"I'm willing," said Bob, a kind of dubious rapture overspreading his face, "to resk it, Catty. Coom, will yo' r'a'ly marry me?"

Her tears flowed faster than ever.

"I suppose I may as well, as you won't let me have any one else. But I don't do it willingly, and I shall always

hate you and wish I was dead. I only hope I'll die before the wedding-day! Oh, Bob," looking up in sudden, desperate entreaty, "can't you see that it won't make you happy to have me for your wife? You have only bullied me into it, and I shall be always" — sob — "always miserable."

Bob looked round, at the piano, and the work-table, and the cupboard in which were stored the "chaney" and the spoons; and then he looked at Catty. He was quite pale.

"Lass," he said, "dun yo' r'a'ly mean thot? I con scarce believe it."

"It's true," said Catty, and another big, round tear rolled over her smooth cheek.

"Well, then—give ower cryin' fur God's sake. I'm fair beat. Give ower, love, an' yo' con do as yo' please!"

He walked over to the window and looked out blankly; continuing presently, in muffled tones:—

"I'll never seech to keep coompany wi' yo' no more—an' yo' con—walk wi'—ony chap yo' fancy. I'll not hinder yo'."

Catty wiped her eyes, and stared at him, too much astonished to speak.

"I'd never ha' denied yo' nowt," went on Bob presently. "A body 'ud think yo' met ha' made yo'rsel' 'appy 'ere—but theer—we's say no more about it."

After a moment's pause Catty drew near remorsefully, and touched his arm.

"You're not angry with me, Bob; you don't wish me ill?"

"Nay, nay," he replied, without looking round. "I dunnot wish yo' ill, lass. I'm a bit disapp'inted—but I'll happen soon get ower it."

This was not exactly what she had expected; and the laugh with which she next spoke did not ring quite true.

"Oh, yes, of course you'll soon get over it. You must look out for somebody else."

"Ah," agreed Bob mournfully, "I'll look out fur soombry else."

Catty felt unreasonably angry.

"Well, don't court her as you did

me, that's all, or you'll spoil your chances. Good-bye, I'm going now."

"Good-bye," said Bob, turning round with a face of infinite woe.

"I'm sure you're not so sorry as all that!" exclaimed Catty, half laughing and half crying.

"I am sorry," said Bob, with a great sob.

"Well, it's all your own fault," said she hesitatingly. "If you—if you had courted me properly it wouldn't have happened."

"D' yo' mean yo'd ha' bin willin' to tak' me?" cried Leatherbarrow.

"There's no telling," responded Catty, with a blush and an arch look.

"If you had taken me out walking sometimes, and let me walk with other people when I fancied, for a change, and after a while, when I had had time to know you—if you'd asked me nicely, and humbly, and lovingly if I'd have you for a husband—I might have said—yes!"

"Eh, Catty!"

"Well, now I've given you a lesson. You'd better try it with—somebody else."

"Eh, Catty! but I'd a dale sooner try it wi' yo'. Connot yo' give a mon another chance? I'd begin straight fro' th' beginnin' and coort yo' nobbut same's yo' tell me. Eh do, my lass! Theer isn't nobry as I con tak' to same as yo', Catty!"

Catty looked reflectively at the honest anxious face, and then her glance wandered to the piano, and thence to the work-table, and the cupboard in the corner; and all at once she smiled.

"We can but try it," she said graciously. "Bob—please, I should so like to see the silver teapot!"

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From The New Review.  
HUXLEY.

THE other evening, in an eddy of the circling stream at the Royal Society *soirée*, four or five biologists drifted together, and the talk fell on Huxley, then lying sick of his fatal illness. "Remember," said a distinguished pro-

fessor of biology, "that it was Huxley who made all of us possible." It was an argument for Huxley's greatness perhaps less cogent to the general public than to the biologists who had been "made possible;" but the phrase summed up one of the greatest achievements of a great man. When Huxley was a medical student at Charing Cross Hospital he was beguiled by pure science, and, although he duly qualified in medicine and surgery, he hoped not to have to live by that profession. But there was no opening for him, and he had to seek an appointment as a navy doctor. When he returned to London, after four years on the *Rattlesnake*, his brilliant zoological investigations had made him known to all scientific men. He had been elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1852 had received its medal. Yet for four years he sought a scientific post in vain, and finally he had to accept reluctantly the post of palæontologist to the Geological Survey, the duties of which were unattractive to him and incongruous with the zoological work he had done. The teaching of biological science as a profession had not yet come into existence. There were certain dreamy professorships at Oxford and Cambridge; in the Scotch universities the professors of natural history kept up the mediæval tradition of discoursing on all nature, beginning with cosmogonies and ending with the dignity of man. At some of the greater hospitals the lecturers on anatomy and physiology transcended their immediate business by excursions into the animal and vegetable kingdoms (indeed, it was Wharton Jones, the physiologist at Charing Cross, who interested Huxley in the lower animals). But the reason of their existence as teachers was to make doctors. Biology has now its independent place in professional and liberal education. At the great universities and in the provincial colleges there are specialists who earn their bread by biological teaching, and find the reward of life in biological investigation. A special training in biology is a preliminary to the study of medicine required by all

the examining bodies of England and Scotland; it is an alternative subject for most degrees, and plays a large part in the system of national scientific education devised and endowed by the Government Science and Art Department. It is becoming more and more difficult for the average youth in the course of his education to escape some training in the science of life.

No doubt the opportunity for this change in the national programme of education came about by the awakening of the world to the doctrine of organic evolution. But not even the compelling genius of Darwin could have thrust aside the vested interest of current educational subjects unless there had been devised a simple and practical method of teaching the new subject. Rolleston, the Linacre professor at Oxford, in his "*Forms of Animal Life*" had devised a method of teaching comparative anatomy by the study of a graded series of animals. But his method depended upon the existence of a series of dissections prepared by a skilled craftsman; the tradition of teaching by authority instead of by investigation was maintained, although the authority of books and lectures was eked out by museum specimens in glass bottles. Huxley paved the way for true laboratory teaching in biology. The authorities of his students were to be found in nature itself. The green scum from the nearest gutter, a handful of weed from a pond, a bean-plant, some fresh-water mud, a frog, and a pigeon were the ultimate authorities of his course. His students were taught how to observe them, and how to draw and record their observations. The keynote of his system was that each student should verify every fact for himself. The business of his teacher was explanation of the methods of verification, insistence on the accomplishment of verification. It was a training in the immemorial attitude of the scientific mind, codified by Huxley and made an integral part in national education. Not only his method but even the individual living things he chose have been adopted in the biolog-

ical laboratories of England and America.

But in a wider sense than that of the biological professor, Huxley has made most of us possible. He was the lineal descendant of the Protestant Reformation, and, in his splendid battle for the freedom of individual judgment, he carried forward the standard of Luther. A new element of personal bitterness had come into the conflict. A Tory and a Radical may fight about principles and be friendly enemies. The Whig and the Radical quarrelling over degrees of reform invariably enliven argument by abuse. The Catholic Church burned its adversaries with a serene dignity informed by masterful pity that had no touch of personal resentment. When Huxley thundered against priestcraft, insisted upon studying the Scriptures, and on testing faith by reason, he was clearly on the Protestant side, but he was a Radical among Protestant Whigs. He brought up against them precisely those arguments they had used against Catholics; they had to abandon generalities for personalities. Against their methods of social ostracism, of personal abuse and suggestion of evil purpose, Huxley fought with a lofty earnestness that speedily secured the respect of the best men on both sides. Against the baser sort he had ready all the arts of the controversialist—as swift ridicule, biting sarcasm, and the most nimble argument that ever graced the pages of a review. He was always ready for attack or defence; the readier if his opponent were a prince of the Church. I may borrow for him Lord Stanhope's remark: "I like to argue with one of my Lords the Bishops, and the reason why I do so is, that I generally have the best of the argument." Most people will probably agree that Huxley continued his method of controversy after its justification had ceased. He had made agnosticism an orthodoxy with as many loose adherents as the endowed orthodoxies. With the aid of the laureate's lines the phrase "honest doubt" had been taken to the heart of the great middle class. It was no

longer possible for a theologian with a character to lose to argue against a man of science or an agnostic except seriously as honest man against honest man; it was not expected of him even by his most bitter partisans; it would have been openly disavowed by other theologians of robust faith. Then why should Huxley have sallied forth to flay a harmless old duke, to trounce a third-rate evangelical, or to throw a stone (although it were no common pebble but that brilliant meteorite "Corybantic Christianity") at the Salvation Army? To those of the new generation, the generation "made possible" by Huxley, who have seen that free speech and free thought do not destroy the jewel of truth but only cleanse it of its tarnished ornament, Huxley's later essays seemed wanting in tact and unduly harsh. But a file of the *Times*, a few Church papers of the early Sixties, or even an occasional sermon in some remote country church, are enough to make plain the attitude of mind into which Huxley had been forced.

In the minds of his opponents Huxley's agnosticism was inseparably associated with his exposition of Darwinism. Those who have taken the trouble to read his essays with any care know that the two were unconnected in his mind as they are in fact. Huxley's agnosticism was partly a philosophical theory, partly a critical attitude with regard to the evidence for certain historical events. He thought the evidence was unsatisfactory; the events did not present themselves as inherently credible. But this judgment of his had no more to do with biology or with Darwinism than, say, his Unionist opinions with his work upon the skulls of birds. He tells us as a matter of fact that in '50, nine years before the appearance of "The Origin of Species," he "had long done with the pentateuchal cosmogony, which had been impressed upon his childish understanding as divine truth." In the chapter he contributed to "The Life of Darwin" he wrote that in his opinion "the doctrine

of evolution does not even come into contact with theism, considered as a philosophical doctrine." First, he held it no attempt to reinstate the "old Pagan Goddess, Chance." As Mr. Darwin himself again and again explained, when he used the word "chance," or the word "spontaneous," he merely meant that he was ignorant of the causes of what he so denoted. In the true sense of the word "chance" did not exist for Darwin and Huxley. So far as all scientific and common experience goes, every event is connected with foregoing events in an orderly and inevitable chain of sequences. Secondly, Huxley did not believe that Darwin's views "abolished teleology and eviscerated the argument from design;" they abolished only the crude expression which supposed every structure among animals and plants to have been created in its present form to exercise its present purpose. Under the stimulus given to anatomy and embryology by the doctrine of evolution, these sciences have progressed far beyond conceptions so rudely mechanical. We know that behind the existing structure of each organ there is a long history of change; of change not only in form and appearance but also in function. In the development of living organisms to-day, as they grow up into tree or animal from seed or egg, we can trace the record of these changes of form; in some cases can follow the actual change of function. But in the wider sense there is no incongruity between evolution and teleology. "There is a wider teleology," Huxley wrote, "which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of evolution. This proposition is that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulousity of the universe was composed. . . . That acute champion of teleology, Paley, saw no difficulty in admitting that the 'production of things' may be the re-

sult of mechanical dispositions fixed beforehand by intelligent appointment and kept in action by a power at the centre." Thirdly, borrowing an argument from Butler, Huxley insisted that evolution had "no more to do with theism than the first book of Euclid has." "As that which now happens must be consistent with the attributes of the Deity, if such a being exists, evolution must be consistent with these attributes."

It is no part of my purpose to follow a fashion of many years ago, recently revived, and to attempt to show that Huxley in his heart of hearts cherished an orthodox theology. Huxley had no final theory of the universe. He held with Spencer that the known is but a little circle bounded by the unknown, and that there is no argument from the one to the other. He was unable to see more in religious revelations than so many ineffectual attempts to grasp what cannot be grasped. He denied nothing, he asserted nothing of the region beyond experience. To his mind the cosmogonies of ancient and modern religions were efforts to reconcile the obvious evil in the world with the conceptions of right that had grown out of the social relations among men living in communities. In one of his last utterances, the Romanes lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," he held that the scientific optimism of a few years ago is falling before a frank pessimism. The modern conception of cosmic evolution seemed to him to provide no better reason for choosing the good than earlier speculation had furnished. The cosmic process, in his view, is not only non-moral but also immoral. Goodness does not lead to success; survival of the fittest is not the survival of the best, but only of the best adapted to the conditions. Evil nature has the foothold of millions of years in us; sorrow and pain are the perpetual dower of man to increase as civilization increases our capacity for feeling them. Man has to accept his destiny, and to address himself to the task of living with no great hope of improvement in his lot. Such hope as there is depends



upon ethical man's not conforming to the cosmic process, nor bringing himself more into harmony with nature, but combating them the more as his civilization advances. Huxley's conception of the process of evolution in the universe led him to the dualism that is at the root of most of the religions in the world—a dualism in which the principle of good supported by little but aspirations has to maintain an unequal conflict with the principle of evil, the leader of the overwhelming forces of nature.

I have left myself little space to write of Huxley's contributions to zoological science. It matters the less, as most of them are recorded enduringly in the science itself. The influence a man has upon his times, far-reaching and impressive as it may be, fades out in the shortest generation; the bricks he has built into the fabric of science last as long as the building itself. As new workers raise new pinnacles on the old building they have to re-examine the strength of the foundations laid by their predecessors. Huxley's work falls sharply into two periods: a period preceding the publication of the "Origin" and a later and longer period, lasting to the end of his life. In the pre-Darwinian period, in the minds of most people, even of most zoologists, the animal kingdom was divided into two great groups, vertebrates and invertebrates. The vertebrates were well known; they are all, comparatively speaking, built upon the type of man; and the researches of human anatomists, illumined by ideas drawn from an exact knowledge of the human body, had mapped out a large part of our modern knowledge of anatomy from man to fishes. But the invertebrates were a vague and ill-assorted heap of animals. Here and there some salient type of structure had been recognized, but the greatest confusion existed. Incongruous types were grouped together; the existence of many types as different from each other as they are from vertebrates was unknown. Huxley's work on the Rattlesnake Expedition, with the greater

part of it until after '59, was among this heterogeneous and little known set of animals. Perhaps none of his additions to knowledge was so important, in itself or in its immediate results, as the first paper he contributed to the Royal Society. In that paper he showed the underlying identity of structure among hydroids, medusæ, and their allies; he discarded from association with them a number of apparently similar but actually diverse polyp-like creatures; he rescued from erroneous associations a number of scattered forms; and he created the great group of *cœlenterate* animals, which remains to this day almost as he left it, and is one of the limbs of the first great dichotomy in the classification of multicellular animals. This was an achievement wonderful enough for a young surgeon, practically self-trained in zoology and working by himself in a ship's cabin. But the paper contained a still more wonderful generalization. Now that the idea of evolution is a part of the mental equipment of every naturalist, it is a matter almost of mere routine to look for analogies between the adult structure of lower groups and the embryonic structure of higher groups. But in '50 the idea that animals in their embryonic stages are to be compared with the adult forms of lower animals was the vaguest of speculations. Although the doctrine of recapitulation, as it is called, is generally associated with the name of Von Baer, it implied in his mind, and in the mind of his contemporaries, little more than a general resemblance among the embryonic stages of all animals. It was not until Darwin had made the idea of evolution a reality in the minds of men, that comparison between adults and embryos became an active principle forcing itself on the attention of naturalists. And yet Huxley on the Rattlesnake made a direct comparison between the essentially two-layered structure in his group of *cœlenterates* and the two-layered stage that is passed through by the embryos of higher animals. This generalization is one of the foundations of all modern embryology.

I do not propose to discuss at length the rest of Huxley's pre-Darwinian work. It was all of the same kind: obvious enough as we, quickened by the conception of development, read through it, but more and more wonderful as one endeavors to look at it from the standpoint of his time. Few men have made a reputation among scientific experts more rapidly than Huxley, and they are still more few who have better deserved it. It is interesting to recall that Darwin, when his book had been published, wrote to Huxley: "Exactly fifteen months ago, when I put pen to paper for this volume, I had awful misgivings; and thought perhaps I had deluded myself, as so many have done, and I then fixed in my mind three judges, on whose decision I determined mentally to abide. The judges were Lyell, Hooker, and yourself. It was this which made me so excessively anxious for your verdict. I am now contented, and can sing my *Nunc Dimittis*." Though Huxley's own mind was in a state of "critical expectancy" regarding the problem of species, he himself assures us that its central idea had not dawned upon him nor upon his contemporaries. "My reflection," he wrote, "when first I made myself master of the central idea of the *origin* was, How extremely stupid not to have thought of that! I suppose that Columbus's companions said much the same when he made the egg stand on end. The facts of variability, of the struggle for existence, of adaptation to conditions were notorious enough. But none of us had suspected that the road to the heart of the species problem lay through them, until Darwin and Wallace dispelled the darkness, and the beacon-fire of the origin guided the benighted."

Huxley's later work was directed by two influences. The inspiration of natural selection made him see that the great task of zoology was to display the course of organic evolution. His post as paleontologist to the Survey directed his attention chiefly to the vertebrate group. He investigated the structure of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals,

seeking in anatomical facts the clues to a classification that should represent natural affinities and kinships; seeking in the structure of fossils clues to the past relationships among divergent modern groups. In these regions it would be difficult to select a modern conclusion in the formation of which he had not been concerned. The origin of fins from limbs, the origin of birds from reptiles, the ancestry of the one-toed horse from five-toed primitive mammals, the arrangement of mammals in ascending scale from the egg-laying, duck-billed mole of Queensland to man, the relation between man and apes, all the striking generalizations of vertebrate anatomy that are platitudes to zoologists trained within the last ten years, are largely Huxley's work. Were it possible to remove his contributions from the modern science of morphology, there would be left an almost undecipherable series of jottings.

Curiously enough, however, one branch of modern science owes little or nothing to him. He took little interest in embryology, and the great work, whose leaders were Balfour in England and the Hertwigs in Germany, owes little or nothing to him. It was not only that his varied occupations left him little time for a new pursuit, the very methods of which are the creation of the last fifteen years. He was inclined to throw doubt upon both the conclusions and the value of embryology for elucidating the course of evolution. It is a curious fact that many of those who five years ago were embryologists of the straightest sect of microtomy, have abandoned embryology for other methods of attacking the problem of species. But they have gone back, not to Huxley's method of comparative anatomy, but to Darwin's study of variation.

It is commonly said of Huxley that he was a naturalist by the accident of events who should have been a statesman and leader of men. I do not believe it. It seems to me that, like all great men, he shaped his own career and made it congruous with the leading activities of his mind. In all his multi-

farious pursuits his methods were those that made the young surgeon of the Rattlesnake famous among men of science in his day. His natural gifts were a careful and patient habit of observation, the keenest discrimination of differences, and a swift judgment of resemblances. His literary style, his brilliant rhetoric and acute disputation came to him slowly; they were the outcome of laborious effort and continual practice. He became the apostle of Darwin from resolute conviction. He became a leading exponent of science to the non-scientific, not from any inborn craving for the excitement of the successful orator, but from the fervent conviction of the scientific man, that science could be best advanced by interesting people in its methods and conclusions. He found in science the real vocation, and in scientific investigation the chief interest of his life. He gave, and gave generously, work and time to problems and pursuits outside of his branch of knowledge, and he achieved a commanding influence in regions generally beyond the sphere of men of science. But his influence upon those of his own craft was even greater than his influence upon the public; and his contributions to exact science are incorporated in the very body of science.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE SPECTROSCOPE IN RECENT  
CHEMISTRY.

It may be taken as a rule, to which there are few exceptions, that great scientific discoveries are not made by intending the mind upon them; they do not come as the result of one man of science saying to another, "Go to, let us make this or that discovery," but are rather the unexpected conclusions deduced from facts accumulated with no other end in view than the extension of natural knowledge. Whither an investigation will lead, the man of science knows not. His the task to explore the realm of nature, and no

divine guidance is vouchsafed to him, whereby he can pierce the darkness and catch a sight of the scene beyond. But whatever road he takes is a road to knowledge, and though, after devoting the labors of a lifetime to a research, he may find that the same amount of progress could have been made by a much shorter route, he has the satisfaction of knowing that on his way he opened up many new fields of inquiry.

The scientific investigator is an explorer of nature's domain; he is, perhaps, better compared to a detective, for his methods of work are precisely the same. The crimes upon which he is engaged are natural phenomena, and by following up one clue after another, he aims at discovering the causes which produce them. As in the case of the detective of fiction, nothing must escape his observation; he carefully examines everything connected with the case he has in hand, and then forms a theory as to how and by whom the deed was accomplished. Suspicion sometimes falls upon some innocent forces or molecules, and circumstantial evidence may be so convincing that they are convicted and their guilt is proclaimed to the scientific world, but such cases form only a very small proportion of the whole. Two recent discoveries in chemistry bear out the analogy. That eminent detective in chemistry, Cavendish, lighted upon traces of a new constituent of the atmosphere, but he did not inquire into the cause of them. A century passed before this clue was followed up, and found to point to a stranger among the known elements in our aerial envelope. After considerable difficulty, the offender was caught, confined, and labelled; and under the exciting influence of electric shocks, it was made to disport itself before an admiring public at scientific soirées and conversaziones. The capture of this strange gas from the air led to the identification of a solar element that had been wanted on the earth for a quarter of a century. This gas was literally "run to earth;" and like its companion, it was placed in solitary con-

finement for the exhibition of its peculiarities to the curious. Naturally the scientific world was excited at the successful capture of two individuals that had escaped detection for so long, and since the prisoners have been in custody facts have come out which have greatly increased the interest in them. Chemists were, certainly, a little disconcerted that they should so persistently have overlooked one of the components of the air, but their embarrassment is to some extent relieved by the knowledge that the astronomical spectroscopist failed to recognize a gas which is now known to be easily and copiously obtainable from fairly common minerals, though he had probably met with it in the laboratory scores of times. The physicist has also been brought to see the depths of his ignorance on some points connected with the kinetic theory of gases, so that the whole world of physical science has been disturbed by the imprisonment and characteristics of the two gaseous prisoners lately arrested.

If the whole history of science be searched, probably no better examples of two widely different ways to scientific discovery could be found than is afforded by the researches which have recently led to the discovery of argon, and the identification of helium. The demonstration of a new constituent in the earth's atmosphere, and the conclusion that this component — argon — must be added to the list of seventy odd elements, is a veritable triumph for experimental philosophy, obtained only after many years of what may truly be termed tantalizing work. With helium the case was very different. An experiment, conducted with one end in view, led to a chance observation of the highest significance. Quite unintentionally, a discovery was made even more valuable to astronomical science than the isolation of argon seems likely to be to chemistry. This, as well as the difference between the two investigations, will be more clearly seen after a statement of the circumstances attached to each case.

For a number of years Lord Ray-

leigh, one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, has been making experiments to determine, with the utmost degree of accuracy, the densities of nitrogen and other gases. The point eventually brought out by his researches was, that nitrogen extracted from the atmosphere was about one-half per cent. heavier than nitrogen obtained from various chemical compounds. It was first thought that the difference might be caused by contamination with common impurities; that, in fact, an ingredient specifically heavier than nitrogen was mixed with the gas derived from air, or one lighter, hydrogen, for example, was blended with the nitrogen made from compounds. Not for an instant was it supposed, in the earlier stages of the work, that any new substance was the cause of the discrepancy, and especially was it considered improbable that the greater density of the atmospheric nitrogen was due to the presence of an unknown constituent of air. For it was hardly thinkable that a gas, which is now known to surround us in enormous quantities on all sides, could have escaped detection in the thousands of analyses to which chemists have subjected our aerial envelope, in all sorts of places and under all kinds of conditions. Such, however, were the facts, and so great is the reliance placed upon Lord Rayleigh's work, that no physicist thought of questioning the accuracy of his results, however much they might be at variance with the observations of chemists. After the definitive results had been published, and after the discrepancy between the weights of equal bulks of atmospheric and chemical nitrogen had been talked over in scientific circles, Professor Ramsay joined with Lord Rayleigh in the endeavor to discover the cause of the anomaly. Following up the indications of the experiments, both workers extracted nitrogen gas from air, and then endeavored to eliminate it, in order to see if a residue composed of any other gas would be left. Both were successful in detecting and isolating the unknown and heavier con-

stituents, though by different methods. The existence of a gas new to science was proved by many lines of evidence, and the abnormal density of atmospheric nitrogen was shown to be due to the presence of this body in air. Into the questions of the chemical nature of the gas it is not now proposed to enter. The story of the discovery is briefly told in illustration of the patient work and tedious experimentation that had to be carried out, before the teaching of the results came to be understood.

The reality of argon having been established, evidently the next thing to do was to examine, so far as possible, the nitrogen from different sources, to see whether it was nitrogen mixed with argon or with argon compounds. In the furtherance of this research for chemical combinations of argon, Professor Ramsay was led to experiment upon cleveite, a rare Norwegian mineral, which had been found to give off, when boiled with weak sulphuric acid, two per cent. of a gas supposed to be nitrogen. The question to be decided was: "Did this gas contain any argon, either free or combined?" Never was an inquiry answered in a more definite manner than by Professor Ramsay's experiments. The gas proved to contain only a trace of nitrogen. To determine readily the character of the remainder, some of it was sealed up in a glass tube, through which an electric current was passed—this being the usual method of making a gas luminous, so that the quality of its light can be observed by means of the spectroscope. The light passed into this marvellous instrument of research, and was sifted into its component parts by the prism. And when the bright lines into which it was resolved were observed, they were found to comprise a number of prominent rays of which the origin was not known; in other words, the gas which had been believed to be nitrogen was something quite different. One of these bright rays was especially brilliant. At first sight it seemed to be the badge of sodium—and it might well have been passed

as such, for the spectroscopist expects to find sodium in everything, and the line seen occupies very nearly the place of a sodium ray in the light scale. To settle the matter, Professor Ramsay sent a tube, filled with the gas, to Mr. Crookes, who undertook to make a full spectroscopic study of its contents. Mr. Crookes possesses a powerful spectroscope, and, like all experienced workers with this instrument, he knows by heart the collections of lines into which the prism breaks up the light from different luminous gases and vapors. Upon electrically illuminating the gaseous contents of the tube, he saw the bright yellow line, apparently occupying the place of sodium in the spectrum. Two tests, however, proved that this ubiquitous element was not being observed. When viewed with a fairly powerful spectroscope, the sodium badge, which looks like a single bright line in an instrument having small capacity for dispersing light, is seen to consist of two lines very close together. But observation showed that the conspicuous band of yellow light was not a twin-line at all; it remained rigorously single whatever power was brought to bear upon it. To clinch the matter, sodium light was thrown into the spectroscope simultaneously with the light from the new gas, and the two sources of luminosity were then found to be of two distinct qualities. The pair of sodium lines were observed in their customary positions, and a very little higher up in the light-scale, the strange line found a place.

The line seen in the light of gas from cleveite was strange to terrestrial laboratories, but not new to spectroscopic science; it was identified as a line belonging to helium, an element only previously observed in analyses of solar light. This was a discovery, the full significance of which can only be appreciated by workers in solar physics. To astronomers it is just as important as the isolation of argon is to chemists, though it was arrived at much less laboriously. Not a man of science, but would be content to spend many



years of work to achieve the result, yet by simply adding weak oil of vitriol to cleveite, and investigating with the spectroscope the gas evolved, it was possible to prove the existence of terrestrial helium. It is not, perhaps, too much to believe that spectroscopists had observed the spectrum of this element in their laboratories before; but either for want of time and efficient instruments, or because they lacked perspicacity, they did not appreciate the strangeness of the view, and so missed a remarkable discovery well within their reach.

The brilliant line now identified has been observed in solar phenomena for more than a quarter of a century. During the total solar eclipse of 1868, the spectroscope showed that the red flames or prominences visible here and there around the sun's edge, when the dark body of the moon had cut off the dazzling light of the sun's visible surface, consisted of luminous gases, chief among which was hydrogen. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Norman Lockyer perfected his method of observing solar prominences at any time when the sun is shining; and he then found that, in addition to hydrogen, the light of these tremendous flames commonly exhibited in the spectroscope a yellow line, which had no counterpart among the dark lines seen when ordinary sunlight is analyzed; nor could any terrestrial substance be found to emit radiations of the same quality. The conclusion indicated by the observations was, that the substance which emitted the enigmatical light was the exclusive possession of bodies at the intense temperature of the sun, and for this reason Professor Lockyer gave it the name helium — the element of the sun. For twenty-six years, solar observers have watched the helium line, and have wondered at its mysterious extra-terrestrial character. It is now known that the name is a misnomer. The position, in the light scale, of the line from cleveite gas, has been found to agree with that of the line due to the hypothetical element, helium. To establish the identity beyond the possi-

bility of a doubt, a direct comparison of the cleveite line with the helium line has been made. To do this, a tube containing the new gas was electrically illuminated, and so arranged that its light could be seen in a spectroscope at the same time as the light from a solar prominence containing helium. As, under these conditions, the two lines appeared to be identical in position, the discovery seems almost established beyond all question.

There are, however, dissentients from this view. Professor Runge, a well-known and trustworthy worker with the spectroscope, has given reasons for believing that the conclusion has been arrived at a little too hastily. An examination of the terrestrial gas has shown him that the conspicuous yellow line it bears is double; therefore, he argues, and with some force, that it cannot be identical with helium proper, unless the characteristic line of that solar element is also shown to be double, and with the two components in the same position on the light scale as those measured by him in the laboratory. Dr. Huggins has since examined the solar line and finds it to be rigorously single, so the difference remains to be explained. It is just possible that, assuming the difference pointed out by Professor Runge to be established, the duplex character of the yellow badge of terrestrial helium is due to the gas being observed under conditions different from those which obtain on the sun. Fortunately, the case for the identity of the gas from cleveite with helium gas, does not depend entirely upon the coincidence of the solar spectrum-line with a line observable in the laboratory. Five or six characteristic rays of terrestrial helium have been proved by Professor Lockyer to match bright lines which appear most frequently in the analyzed light of solar prominences. Dr. Deslandres, of the Paris Observatory, finds the same agreement in the light of terrestrial and solar material, so there seems little room for scepticism in the matter.

It may be thought that the identification of another terrestrial element in

the sun, or rather the existence of another solar substance on the earth, is not a matter of the highest importance. But helium is not as other elements are; it is unique in many ways; it is a characteristic component of that tempest-tossed sea of luminosity—the solar chromosphere—out of which the prominences spurt and spout, now rising in jets for thousands of miles, and anon hanging for hours or days together in fantastic forms over the turbulent stratum from which they rise. Evidence has been brought forward that at the great temperature of the sun, bodies we regard as elements are broken up, or dissociated, into more elementary forms of matter; and it has been suggested that helium is the primordial substance into which all elements can be resolved by proper means. Chemists, generally, regard the theory with disfavor, and stamp as heretics those who give it consideration. But now that helium has been found on the earth, we are within reasonable reach of some further inquiry on the subject.

The promise of the future in regard to knowledge of the nature and properties of helium is not likely to be an empty one, for the gas has already been found in from fifteen to twenty different minerals, though not associated with argon, which has never yet been obtained from minerals. But, though argon has not a mineral source, helium is so easily enticed from its seclusion that workers with the spectroscope are a trifle depressed at its belated discovery. As a matter of fact, spectroscopists have in recent years confined their attention too exclusively to problems in celestial chemistry, and have somewhat neglected the spectroscopy of the common substances which form the earth's crust; if this were not the case, argon and helium would have been discovered long ago. But a new era has now commenced, and the spectroscope will take a more prominent place in chemical analysis of the future than it has in the past.

The two new gases have already furnished astronomy with a number of

valuable facts. Shortly after the discovery of argon had been proclaimed, some one pointed out that a strong line in its spectrum occupied about the same position as the ray which characterizes the light of the misty material of which nebulae are composed. Little attention need be paid, however, to this accidental, and not very close, coincidence. A single swallow does not make a summer, nor is the coincidence of one of the many lines in the spectrum of argon, with a line in nebular spectra, sufficient to base any argument upon, even if the terrestrial and celestial rays exactly corresponded with one another. A more important fact is that lines due to helium are undoubtedly found among those into which the light of nebulae is broken up by the prism. And Professor Lockyer has carried the matter still further in an astronomical direction, by comparing the spectra of the gases (consisting chiefly of helium) obtained from various minerals, with the spectra of certain stars.

It is now commonly known that the chemical constitution of the atmosphere of a star can be determined by means of the spectroscope, which breaks up the composite stellar beams into the component parts, and presents to the observer a faint strip of light usually crossed transversely by dark lines. These sombre rays are the tongues of elements which make up a star's gaseous envelope, and astronomers have long been engaged in finding terrestrial interpreters of their languages. One after another substances on the earth have had their spectra brought side by side with analyzed starlight, with the result that many stellar rays have been found to have terrestrial equivalents. But much still remains to be done; the sun is a star which can be studied under the best conditions, yet the origins of about two-thirds of its spectrum-lines still remain a mystery, while, in the case of the more distant suns distributed through interstellar space, the satisfaction at the information which the spectroscope has drawn

from them concerning their constitution is greatly impaired by the knowledge that so much remains a mystery.

Professor Lockyer's comparison of star-spectra with the spectra of the new gases obtained by heating various minerals in a vacuum, has enabled him to reduce the number of enigmatical rays in starlight. He has found that the lines due to helium are exactly matched by lines in the spectra of a certain type of stars, as well as by lines in the solar chromosphere, and has thus been able to demonstrate a relation between the new gases and solar and stellar phenomena. His conclusion as to the results which are likely to follow from this, is very sanguine. In a paper recently read before the Royal Society, he said: "We appear to be in presence of the *vera causa*, not of two or three, but of many of the lines which, so far, have been classed as 'unknown' by students, both of solar and stellar chemistry; and, if this be confirmed, we are evidently in the presence of a new order of gases of the highest importance to celestial chemistry, though, perhaps, they may be of small value to chemists, because their compounds and associated elements are, for the most part, hidden deep in the earth's interior." The thought expressed in the latter part of the quotation is a very suggestive one, and it indicates the reason why the state of knowledge of the chemistry of the sun and stars remains so imperfect. It is known with some degree of completeness how far the common elements upon the earth are found in stars, but of the gases which, in all probability, are occluded in the heavier minerals, we are only just beginning to acquire information, though *à priori* considerations point to them for the solution of many extra-terrestrial spectroscopic phenomena. No wonder, then, that Professor Lockyer regards the future study of the actions and reactions of the new order of gases as full of promise of a terrestrial chemistry of paramount importance in connection with questions of stellar evolution. So many facts seem to

justify this hope, that it is almost a pity to say anything which will diminish the satisfaction derived by spectroscopists from contemplation of the new vista. It is just as well to bear in mind, however, that there are limits to the possibilities of spectroscopy. We know, for instance, that solar prominences, and the sea of flame from which they rise, are largely composed of helium; of that there is no doubt whatever, nevertheless, if the sun could be taken away into space until it had dwindled into a star, the spectroscope would fail then to reveal the existence of helium, though the constitution of the sun had not altered a jot. Even though most stars fail to show helium in the spectroscope, this is no proof that helium is absent from them, and the same reasoning can be applied to other elements.

There are other reasons for regarding as incomplete the knowledge gained by the spectroscope as to the constitution of the sun and stars, or as affording evidence of the presence of a particular gas in a gaseous mixture. Recent experiments have shown Professor Ramsay that if a small proportion of nitrogen or hydrogen be introduced into a vessel containing argon or helium, the characteristic spectra of the two latter gases are completely masked, that is to say, if only spectroscopic evidence were relied upon, the verdict would be that neither argon nor helium were present in the mixture. Indeed, quantitative experiments have brought out the astonishing fact that from five to ten per cent. of nitrogen entirely obscures the characteristic yellow line of helium. Probably the laboratory conditions differ from those of the sun, but if they were the same we should have to conclude that a small percentage of nitrogen in the sun's chromosphere would have prevented us from ever seeing helium. Spectroscopic astronomers have reason to be proud of the achievements of their instruments of research, but the consideration of such facts as those referred to will show them that what is known may be as nothing com-

pared with what is not known about the chemical constitution of celestial bodies.

The testimony afforded by the spectroscope as to the nature of celestial things is, therefore, imperfect. In pre-spectroscopic times, meteorites were the messengers which gave the world a faint conception of extra-terrestrial matter. The mode of origin of these objects is not exactly understood, but they are generally regarded as fragmentary products of eruptions on the sun, stars, or planets. But leaving the question of origin at present out of consideration, it is evident that meteorites should be able to assist in correlating terrestrial and celestial chemistry. An examination of "holy things fallen from heaven" furnished Professor Lockyer with the foundation upon which he built his meteoritic hypothesis a few years ago, and Professor Ramsay has now greatly added to the interest attached to those masses of iron and stony matter, for he has found both argon and helium in a meteorite which fell at Augusta County, Virginia. A few ounces of the meteorite were placed in a glass tube and heated. The gas driven off proved for the most part to be hydrogen, but after subtracting this and other well-known gases, the residue was found, by spectroscopic examination, to consist of the two new gases which have created such a sensation in scientific circles. Argon and helium have thus been proved to be contained in meteoritic matter, and the question naturally arises: How did they get there? Professor Ramsay suggests that the meteorite was once part of a stellar body at a high temperature, having an atmosphere in which hydrogen, argon, and helium existed, with other gases. In this atmosphere the mass was heated to fusion, to be finally ejected by some volcanic force. But plausible as this explanation is, it must remain only an unconfirmed theory, for, in the first place, it is possible, though very improbable, that the meteorite was ejected by a terrestrial volcano; and, secondly, there is not sufficient evidence that the meteorite

could not have derived its argon from the earth's atmosphere, and the small proportion of its helium from the upper limits of the atmosphere. Assuming the theory to be true, the meteorite affords direct evidence of the existence of argon and helium in stellar atmospheres.

Helium has not yet been found in the air, nor is it likely to be. As with hydrogen, its atoms are so light that the earth is unable to hold them, and their energy is sufficient to carry them eventually outside the sphere of influence of our globe. This brings us to a very important point raised by investigations of the energy of argon and helium atoms. The molecules of every gas are known to be dashing about in all directions, with a velocity depending upon the temperature. When a gas is heated, these motions are increased, so that a rise of temperature means an increase of the energy of the molecules. Now the amount of heat expended upon the gas can be expressed in terms of energy, for heat is a form of energy; and the energy used up in making the molecules travel faster and further can be found by observing the rise of temperature, when the gas is enclosed in a vessel, and when it is allowed to expand. Accurate experiments show that the energy supplied is not all accounted for by the measurable effects produced. Some of it is apparently used up in giving relative motion to the different parts of the molecule, which may consist of one or more atoms. To some extent the energy thus used internally depends upon the number of atoms in a molecule, therefore measurements of the amount of this energy give a clue to the constitution of gaseous molecules. Now, in the case of argon and helium, and also in that of mercury vapor, the energy absorbed by atomic motions is extremely small — practically, all the energy supplied is taken up by the increased motions of the molecules. The conclusion drawn from this is, that, in these gases, the atom and the molecule are synonymous, or, in scientific terms, that they are mon-

atomic gases. So far all is plain sailing, but when the spectra of such gases come to be considered, the theory is found wanting. According to one view, the luminosity of a gas through which an electric current is passing is due to the vibrations of the atoms in the molecule, so that a monatomic gas could not be made luminous, and therefore could have no spectrum. This theory is at once confuted by the fact that mercury vapor, argon, and helium can be made luminous, and all three have characteristic spectra. As a matter of fact, the theory upon which the case for the monatomicity of these elements rests leaves the optical properties out of count. The most feasible view seems to be that the luminosity of a gas through which an electric current is passing, and, therefore, the spectrum of the gas, is due to vibrations of the hypothetical ether surrounding the molecules, and not to the vibrations of the molecules themselves. If this be so, it should be possible to deduce the phenomena of spectroscopy from the electro-magnetic theory of light, now accepted by physicists. This theory to account for the spectra of gases has yet to pass through the fire of criticism, and one of the first points it has to answer is how different gaseous molecules cause the ether to vibrate differently. But whether this theory is compatible with facts or not need not be discussed here; at any rate, argon and helium have raised some very nice points over which chemists, mathematicians, and physicists may wrangle for some time to come.

One other point remains to be mentioned. Two lines in the spectrum of argon appear to be exactly coincident with two in the spectrum of helium. This and other considerations indicate that argon and helium contain, as some common constituent, a gas not yet isolated. Professor Ramsay regards the presence of the third new gas as almost certain, and Professor Lockyer hints at the existence of several more. Surely more startling statements were never before precipitated upon the world of science. But whatever results

future work may lead to, it can already be said, without fear of contradiction, that since spectrum analysis became an accomplished fact, no new elements have held out greater promise of assistance in unravelling mysteries of celestial constitutions than argon and helium, and the gases which are associated with them.

R. A. GREGORY.

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WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

#### IV.

WHEN we were boys we had leave to roam in a wood which was not preserved, in the game-keeper's sense, or else we should not have been allowed such free right of its leafy ways. Nevertheless, it happened to us, on glorious occasions, to put up a far-wandering cock-pheasant whose whirling wings made our little hearts beat at such a rate that we could scarcely see the wonder until it had risen high above the tree-tops. Rabbits, even, were so scarce that with all our searching and digging we never came upon a nest, though we used often to see them sitting in the field outside the boundary fence, or catch a glimpse of them as they scudded from us through the bushes. Our little weapons, catapults and the like, were not sufficient for their destruction, and we never became the possessors of any steel trap larger than those in which we caught the poor, small birds. Squirrels we used to see, and persecute from tree to tree until they escaped us behind a bough or in some dense leafy obscurity. Fur, in fact, is always too big game for boys, until they reach the gunning age. The true quarry of boys is feather, and a sufficing delight to them. Yet it did happen once that fur fell in our way, — once and once only, and not in too satisfactory a manner. For, as we wandered in the winter time over the crackling floor of red, dry leaves, we espied a tiny bundle which looked for a moment as if it had been got together



for a purpose, — looked like an edition, on a very small scale, of those balls of leaves and grass which the hedgehogs manage to roll round themselves and in which we often found them, both in our orchard-hedge and in the wood. We took up this tiny bundle, and pulled off a leaf or two; then, thinking it after all a mere chance collection, threw it to the ground again. On which Joe, more sapiently curious, picked it up and, unrolling yet more coats of leaves, revealed at last, within this snug nest, a coiled up tiny red thing, — a dormouse. This was its winter home, in which it had promised itself to lie asleep all the cold weather through. But our quick eyes had detected it among surroundings so like itself; and Joe, with greater patience, had followed up our discovery to its culmination in this little, warm, breathing, furry, sleeping thing.

Of course we claimed it, crying quickly that we had found it, and demanding that we should be allowed the immediate joy of having it in our hand. To which Joe sturdily replied that we had indeed found it, but had thrown it away as of no worth, and that he had again found it; that it had become by our deed of rejection no man's property; but that now it was in deed and fact a man's property, namely his, and that he meant to keep it. No doubt the most obvious and ready way of settling the difficulty, as between boys, was the ordeal by battle; but this, having regard to the respective qualities of the contesting parties, was inadmissible, for Joe was our elder by two years and our superior in physical strength, so that such a mode of decision would have been grossly unfair; whereas, on the other hand, we were Joe's superior in social station, so that he would have been unwilling to lay a violent hand upon us. In this dilemma we eventually resolved to submit the decision to the arbitrament of Fortune by the classical method of spinning a coin, namely a halfpenny, which, turning up a head, when we had called "tails," gave to Joe the dormouse and to us a feeling of unjust treatment

which nearly found vent in tears. The only other vent which it found was in searching day after day for a whole week, and, at intervals, for many weeks, among that rich crackling carpet of dry leaves, but never again did the same luck befall us. We never found another dormouse, and probably we never shall.

We could find rabbits nearer home beside the stream which coursed through the meadow in which we flushed our first jacksnipe. Above the stream a great bank, topped with a hedge, sloped steeply up. In the bank were great holes, originally wrought by rabbits, but enlarged by the diggings of dogs and boys who strayed off the adjacent foot-path. The few harassed rabbits which made this bank their home were wary from constant persecution; too wary, and we could attempt nothing against them. Yet we loved the whole length of this valley along which the sluggish steam ran, from the pond formed for the cows to drink at (where once, when some draining operations were going on, we caught several eels of nine inches or a foot long) to the great tidal estuary of the big river where a few sand-pipers or dotterel were generally running at the edge of the water and a gull or two hovering and settling along the water-line. For part of its course this stream went almost buried in a profuse tangle of bramble and blackthorn and may, such as often goes in the western counties to make what they simply call a hedge.

In this tangle we did not fail to find at least one blackbird's nest, and more than one thrush's. A few elms grew up through it, and against the stems of one of them, posted on a small out-shooting branch, was the annual nest of a greenfinch. Nearer the cattle's drinking-place was a slope enclosed as too steep for pasturage, and within the enclosure were rhododendrons under the shadow of big beeches. The stems of the trees were covered with ivy, and in the ivy we commonly found one or two nests of wrens.

The nests of wrens, and of all dome-

building birds, are a sad trial to boyhood, for it is scarcely possible to see into them, and the intrusion of a finger is apt to make the birds desert. But none of these were so cruel an exasperation as the mud-cups which the house-martins built just below the eaves and at such a height from the third-story window that even by imperilling our lives on the window-sill we failed to reach them. Nothing therefore was more satisfactory to us than the high-handed action of a pair of sparrows in taking forcible possession of one of these nests and using it for their own domestic purposes. We did not know at what stage in the domestic operations of the builders the sparrows entered on their tenancy; we knew only that one day a sparrow's broad head and strong beak appeared peeping out over the mud wall and held its own against the complaints and challenges not only of the builders, but of a mass meeting of the unemployed of their kind which they seemed to have called together for the purpose of backing their protests. We then began to look with interest for that which, according to the teaching of our natural histories, ought to have followed, namely, the walling-in of the sparrow by the martins and all their friends, bringing beaks full of mud and plastering it over the hole. But no such thing ever happened; the martins never did more than make a few noisy, ineffectual demonstrations. And, after all, that story in the books did not sound a very likely one. One always wondered what the sparrow, with his broad bull head and great strong beak, could have been about all the time that the walling-in was going on. We knew, of course, well enough (for we had seen it) that a nut-hatch will plaster up with mud a hole in a tree which leads to a likely nesting-place, if he deems the hole bigger than convenient; but in that case there would be no inmate with a good beak to be reckoned with while the plastering went on.

We had to believe, too, that bees will wall-up, with beeswax, a snail

that is injudicious enough to crawl into the hive; for when a certain hive of bees died off for lack of a queen (a fearful example to Anarchy), we were shown a lump, looking like a great wart, on the hive's floor, and on dissecting the wart with a pen-knife, found it to contain a snail, shell and all, embalmed in beeswax. It was an extraordinarily fresh snail, too, considering how long it had been dead; and that, no doubt, was due to the hermetical sealing-out of the air.

There was no difficulty in crediting this, even had we not seen it; for a snail has very poor means of offence compared with a hive full of bees. It was very different when it came to a question of a house-sparrow against martins. The beaks of the fly-feeding birds are not weapons of war. This sparrow, at all events, that fell under our observation, was undisturbed in his forcible occupation of the martin's castle, and brought up a flourishing family therein; and on his children there fell a Nemesis, with perfect poetical justice. For we had a gull, a tame gull with clipped wings, who would feed on fish if we would give him any, failing fish on raw meat, failing raw meat on worms and insects, and, failing these, on anything, including sparrows. It was the most fascinating entertainment to give him an eel; for he would toss the eel about several ways, until it came to the position most suitable for swallowing, when he would swallow it; but the eel, not yet defeated, would often wriggle up his gullet again, and this process would be repeated many a time. So if swallowing be a delight, the pleasure which our gull derived from the process must have been manifold. Eventually the eel would weary of the vain ascent of the gull's gullet and consent to remain in contact with the juices of digestion. Nature is a queer mother to her children.

One never knows how much the state of domesticity affects creatures that ought to be wild. In the natural state perhaps one swallowing would have been enough for the gull,—and

for the eel. He was a herring-gull, and it was not until his fifth year that he arrived at the full dignity of his white and pearly plumage. Before that he was always dressed in some of the dingy, dusky feathers of infancy. Yet in their wild state these gulls are said to arrive at the adult plumage before the fifth year.

His gastronomic fondness for sparrows has been mentioned. He was also fond of mice, and with an extraordinary penchant for swallowing them alive. The interior arrangements of that bird were what an American would call a cast-iron wonder; for consider a mouse and a gull! If a mouse had a fair chance of a bite and a scratch at the outside even of a gull he would make things quite uncomfortable for the bird, and yet the gull would swallow him with perfect comfort, and digest him with unruffled pleasure. The bird would pause a moment with a laugh in his eye, to enjoy the agonized waving of the tail, when the mouse's body was already well in the entrance of the "red lane." Then down the tail went after the body, and the mouse, unlike the eel, never came back again. Generally he would catch his mice for himself, but it appealed to his subtle sense of humor to steal them from the cat. He was good friends with the cat—a friendship based on the firm ground of mutual respect—but this did not prevent his stealing her mice. When she was engaged with one after the feline manner, letting it out of her grasp to run a foot or two, and then recovering it with a prehensile paw, the gull would come ambling up to her with every affectation of a scientific and platonic interest. He would watch the proceedings with perfect gravity for a minute or two, and it was only when the mouse, eluding the cat, was well within his reach that he would give an appreciative chuckle, at the same time stretching forward a great yellow bill cavernously open, and receive down the yellow gulf the mouse who seemed quite pleased to have discovered such a refuge. Then the cat's face became a study. She

watched the waving of the tail, and, when the last sign of it had disappeared, came up nearer and examined the gull more closely. She seemed to wish to find out by outward inspection whether the mouse really was inside that queer arrangement of beak and feathers. But the gull did nothing but wink, and left the cat in so great a state of perplexity that she was no more careful than before when next the gull sidled up to her as she was playing the game of cat and mouse.

The mice were unoffending, and there was a protest that was pathetic in the wave of the tail with which they went down; but the sparrows came of a bad race and deserved their fate. They suffered assimilation in the cast-iron interior of the gull merely as a punishment for their temerity in coming to steal his dinner. We gave him a daily dinner of scraps, besides occasional delicate morsels such as worms and fishes. These were an attraction to the sparrows, especially to those sparrows who, looking down from the vantage post of the martin's nest, could see him day by day making a dish of scraps disappear. It was tempting, no doubt, and the young sparrows fell. They had inherited burglarious tendencies, as has been shown, and they were bold young robbers. They came out into the world chirping and defiant. Had the original makers of the mud-nest succeeded in the design of bringing up therein their own family, they would have needed to have given that young family something more than encouragement before they brought them out into the world. The youngsters would have dreaded the first flight abroad, so that the parents would have been compelled to take away beakful after beakful of the nest-wall, even as they had built it up, until there was no more left but a little patch of mud on which the nestlings would no longer care to perch, but would launch themselves, half hustled against their will, into the air, and find to their surprise that they could float and skim and soar through the sky just as they saw their father and mother do., That is the

nature of house-martins, so fearful are they of making their first trial.

But such was by no means the nature of the house-sparrows. These were ready, after a very little perching and chirping on the nest-wall, to essay the long flight down on wings that would not carry them as many yards as the young house-martins' wings would carry them miles. And once on the ground they soon learned to peck for themselves in intervals of the meals brought to them by their parents, who, with all their faults, were undeniably kind to their children. And with the pecking and tasting came thoughts of the gull and of his dish of scraps, and with young appetites they hopped chirpingly towards it. The gull saw them; he knew their intentions in a moment, and crouched, as a "thick-knee" plover crouches so as to become almost a part of the bare Norfolk ground. The little birds came on; and already a callow bill was over the edge of the dish when a yellow yawn came rushing at the fledgling, and by the time the yawn was finished there was a young sparrow less in the world, unless the world be taken to include the cast-iron interior of our gull.

In this manner the marauding little sparrows came to a bad end,—bad for them, and bad, as might have been thought, for our gull. But it seemed as if nothing was too difficult for his digestion, and all alike agreed with him. Head first and quite alive he swallowed any living thing that was not too large to pass his gullet, and he was looked on with favor by Authority for his service in ridding the garden of every sort of vermin. Best of all he loved small fishes, or the worms that live in the salt mud which the tide left bare; and we spent many hours hunting, for his sake, the big-headed little fishes in the pools among the rocks, or digging, ankle-deep in the ooze, for worms in the mudbanks of the river. Even the little green crabs were not amiss to him. He would crash the armor of their backs with one dig of his great yellow bill, peck out the soft body of the crab at his leisure and pro-

ceed to the discussion of the limbs, until nothing was left but some shelly fragments which might have been the relics of a thrush's feast around a snail-breaking stone.

On a sad morning he was found dead, rent asunder and mangled. There was little doubt about the manner of his death; the cat had stolen upon him unawares in his sleep, and disabled him at the first onset. It seemed certain that he had been taken unawares, for the cat knew him too well to meet him in open fight. She behaved badly to him, with feline treachery; but, after all, she had been very much tried. We were convinced it was not so much animosity, nor hunger, that moved her to treat him thus, but rather a curiosity, that was half scientific and half gastronomic, to ascertain if those mice which disappeared so quickly and so marvellously were really to be found inside him. This would explain the process of dissection to which she had subjected his body; but it is very doubtful, knowing what one does of his digestion, if she found an atom of evidence, in the shape of unassimilated food, to satisfy her thirst for knowledge.

It was not only in the service of the gull as aforesaid that we went digging in the river mud for the worms. Using the worms as bait, we could, at certain seasons of the year and states of the tide, catch the little sea-bass which penetrated much farther than this up the tidal river. Farther down, nearer the river's mouth, we could catch much bigger bass, throwing a fly for them from a boat, or trailing a spinning-bait behind. But such an expedition meant a walk of two miles, with the payment of a boatman and the hire of a boat at the end of it, and thus met with no encouragement from Authority, who always looked upon fishing somewhat with the eyes of Doctor Johnson; and without the assistance of Authority the hire of boat and boatman was hard to come by.

But far out on a promontory of rock jutting into the river, not half a mile

from our home, we could sit with rod and line, "a worm at one end and —" well, ourselves at the other; and, at the lowest of the tide the little silvery bass would sometimes take the worms greedily, so that we often brought home quite a good basket. There was no nonsense of playing the fish, or anything of that kind about it; the float went under, we struck, we said "Come, fish!" hoisted him into the air and swung him back, to fall with a sounding whack on the rock behind us. Then there was the joy of disengaging the fish from the hook and putting on another worm; then again, the *otium cum dignitate* of sitting and watching the float, with the proud knowledge of a fish already caught awaiting us in the basket.

The most troublesome part of this sport was the digging for the worms. Far away, by the shores of the sea, it was possible to find these worms without the trouble of digging for them in the soft, filthy ooze; for there, just where the rock-bed joined the flat, golden sand, was a mass of coral-like formation. It looked much like honeycomb, only, when the comb, which was very friable, was broken, instead of bee-grubs and honey, it was seen to contain worms very like those which we got with much greater labor in the mud flats. Certainly the bass did not seem to know the difference. But if the labor of digging was saved, we had the labor of a two mile walk to reach the sand-coral, and moreover, unless we hit off nicely the lowest state of the tide, we found the coral covered.

This fishing for the bass was of common enough kind, nor was the capture of the bigger bass from the boat in any way unusual. Also, when Authority sometimes took us long drives and set us on the bank of a trout-stream with rod and artificial fly, the result was much hooking of clothes and of trees and very little hooking of fish; in short, such a result as the early efforts of the fly-fisher familiarly produce. But there was a fishing in which we took certain part that was rather out of the common kind. It was introduced

to us by the coastguard-men, who had often practised it from shipboard.

The enterprise of certain capitalists, who had vainly sought to spoil our beautiful marshland and gorse-clad hills into a watering-place, had built an ineffectual pier out into the sea; ineffectual because, by reason of the waves, the rocks, and the ridge-boulders, it was impossible for a boat to come to it oftener than three days on an average in the year. But it was charming to bathe off. The same arrangement of rocks and weather which made it hard for a boat to come to land made the task of the coastguard almost one of supererogation. The poor men grew fat to corpulence, and it must have been weary, in the winter time, pacing along those cliffs with never the remotest prospect of a smuggler. So then they spied this pier, and it occurred to them to fish from it as they had used to do from the ship's deck. This would help to pass the nights, for the fish bite best at night; and it was necessary that they should be kept awake in the night somehow, or they would not have been able to sleep all day.

The way of the fishing was this: the tackle was stout and the hook large and strong, for the fish had to be hauled from the water right up to the pier-head; the bait was a side of a herring, or one of those big-headed fish which we caught in the pools of the rocks. As near the hook as you dared to put it was a heavy plumb of lead. The coastguard would have his line (something between the thickness of blind-cord and of a lady's little finger) lying in a coil at his feet. Then, when he had got his hook baited, and all ready, he would sing out "Stand clear!" and all of us who were tending to other lines would stand back from his scene of action. He would begin by swinging the lead-plumb to and fro like a pendulum until he had given it sufficient impetus, when he would begin to whirl it round his head, gradually letting out more line and increasing the circle, until it was flying round and round at a tremendous pace; he would



then let it go, with a whizz, as the Gauchos in our books hurled their *bolas*, and it flew hurtling out to sea, uncoiling the line as it went. Into the water it plunged with a plop, taking down with it the baited hook, and so you left it until a spasmodic pulling told your excited nerves that a foolish fish had hooked itself.

All this we saw dimly, in a mysterious gloom that heightened its interest, either by the light of the moon or, when the night was dark, by the ray of a bull's eye lantern. Sometimes, when fish would not bite, we lowered a lantern by a rope to the water's edge, in the hope that its glare would attract the prey; but we seldom found the fish unwilling, provided we hit off the right state of the tide, — namely, an hour before or after its highest. We had about two hours and a half, in all, of profitable fishing, and in that time would have hauled up all sorts of wonders, — great big congers, skates of mighty breadth, rock-cod, and dog-fish more than enough. When the dog-fish were in great plenty we seldom caught other fish, these shark-like demons seeming to scare away the rest. These were great nights, though sometimes the wind blew cruelly; but Authority did not often permit us to enjoy them. If the height of the tide fell early, no objections were made; but if the fishing-hours were among the small ones of the morning a wise veto was put on our joining in the sport. In those unhappy seasons we would often stroll down in the course of the following day and, if the cold were not too nipping, would go diving down into the water at the pier's end to fetch up a dog-fish or two for our tame gull, whose healthy appetite made no distinction between the species of fishes. No one else would eat the dog-fish. The coastguard-men contented themselves with battering in their heads and throwing them over the pier-rails to serve as ground-bait; but nothing came amiss to our gull.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
A VISIT TO BONIFACIO.

A DILIGENCE leaves Sartene, fifty-three miles south of Ajaccio, at mid-day, for Bonifacio (thirty-three miles) in the extreme south of Corsica.

The Corsican stage-coach has not an attractive appearance, but the *coupé*, or first-class compartment, which faces the front of the vehicle, is fairly comfortable. The team consists of three, generally two horses and a mule, the latter being placed in the centre where he cannot shirk his work. The endurance of those small, wiry Corsican horses is simply marvellous. With the greatest ease they accomplish tasks which would tax the powers of our finest draught-horses, and behind them the heavy diligence, even when climbing a steep hill, appears a mere feather-weight.

The conductor of our diligence is a portly person, evidently fully conscious of his own importance. As he struts about preparatory to the starting of the coach, one can easily see that he is held in considerable awe and admiration by the urchins who gather round. In their staring eyes and open mouths is the all-engrossing thought, "What a grand thing to be a conductor, to go to Bonifacio every day, and carry a jingling bag of money."

With a lively bugle solo from the conductor we start on our journey. From Sartene the road descends rapidly, and away in the distance, down a beautiful valley, a glimpse of the sea is caught. At the outset, however, my attention is concentrated on the fiery steeds in front of me. I am now tasting my first experience of travelling *à la diligence Corse*. Here, assuredly, one would require the nerve of a steeple-jack. It is likewise necessary to place implicit trust in Providence, in the person of the driver, not to mention the horses.

Down we dash at break-neck pace, flashing past shrubs and rocks, and cutting corners with mathematical nicety. If one of the horses were to stumble, or the mule to come to a sudden standstill, then — adieu! Going down a

particularly steep hill, I mark the time : one kilometre in three minutes.

By and by this speed relaxes and we settle down to a steady trot. Stopping at a lonely cottage adjoining a small patch of vines, the conductor lays in a huge store of grapes for the driver and himself. The honor of serving the great man is ample reward to the humble peasants, who also press me to accept a few bunches.

After a drive of two hours the team is changed and we proceed with accelerated speed. The sea is now reached, and we follow the rugged coast for some distance, obtaining superb views. Presently we leave the coast and pass through a barren and uninteresting region, in which is situated the village of Pianotolli, where we again change horses. Nearly all the men here carry double-barrelled guns and have a brigandish air. A mile beyond this point the scenery becomes more pleasant, and on the right are seen the deep blue waters of the Gulf of Figari.

The approach to Bonifacio is exceedingly striking. Descending between towering rocks, the town is seen perched on its precipitous white cliffs, and in the distance appears the filmy blue outline of Sardinia. A long, straight, level road is entered, and as we fly along, I observe a considerable number of small black wooden crosses, which, as I am afterwards informed, are memorials of the vendetta. Judging from their frequency, it must have been extremely prevalent in this neighborhood.

Numerous diminutive donkeys are met, bearing huge panniers, or men whose feet almost reach the ground. We now race down a steep, winding road intersecting fine olive woods ; the guard blows his horn, and ascending the cliffs, we pass under the vaulted archway which is the only entrance to the town, and our journey is at an end. It has occupied a little under six hours.

At first glance Bonifacio appears to consist of one steep street with tall, sombre houses ; but radiating from this are several narrow, tortuous passages paved with rough flags. These

stretch down to the very brink of the cliffs, whereon, overlooking the harbor, stand numerous houses.

The stranger is at once struck with its cramped appearance, for the town has been crowded into a ridiculously inadequate area. Every inch of the small plateau has been utilized for building purposes, with the result that, with the exception of the main street and the esplanade belonging to the barracks, there is not room for two vehicles to pass abreast.

The Italian character of the place is strikingly shown in the smells, numerous fruit-stalls, and names over the shop doors. The last mentioned are purely Italian, thus proving that the old Genoese traditions still cling to Bonifacio, which in the twelfth century belonged to the Republic of Genoa. Space will not permit of my dealing with the history of the town, its strange vicissitudes, the numerous sieges which it successfully withstood, and the heroic deeds of its defenders. To recount these were to write a volume.

One of the features of Bonifacio is the extraordinary number of donkeys congregated within its narrow limits. At first I am somewhat puzzled on the subject of stabling ; but the mystery is soon explained when I observe several of the pretty little animals to disappear within the dark doorways of dwelling-houses in the lower quarters. Like the Irish pig, the Bonifacian donkey is "one of the family."

It may interest the reader to know that a donkey can be purchased here for seventeen francs, a mule for one hundred francs, and a good pony for two hundred francs.

It is said of some dogs, also of many persons, that "their bark is worse than their bite." Of the Bonifacian donkey it may be remarked with perfect veracity that his bray is worse than all his other faults combined. I have a painful experience of this on the evening of my arrival. Feeling a little fatigued, I retire to rest at a comparatively early hour ; but I have no sooner laid my head on the pillow than

I am startled by a most unearthly sound in the street below. It is a weird, mournful note, something between a Scotch bagpipe and a double-bass. By and by a chorus of similar sounds awakens the echoes, and sleep being now banished, I spring up, and proceed to investigate matters. Immediately below my window an asinine orchestra has taken up its stand, discoursing sweet music to the twinkling stars. The grey dawn creeps over the top of the lofty houses opposite—my horizon is somewhat circumscribed—and still the ear-splitting performance continues. At length, with the advent of daylight, I drop into a troubled slumber.

My advice to a stranger in Bonifacio desiring a good night's rest is—take a sleeping-draught.

One of my first acts on arriving is to present to a gentleman resident in the town a cordially worded letter of introduction which I have obtained in Ajaccio, and to my newly found friend I am deeply indebted for my very pleasant visit.

The "lions" of Bonifacio are few, the principal being the extensive grottos which penetrate the cliffs. These are situated beyond the harbor, and can only be entered with safety when the sea is calm. The harbor is a natural one—a deep, narrow arm of the sea, about a mile and a half long, with high chalk cliffs on either side. As our small boat, rowed by a couple of swarthy, sinewy fellows, glides through the water at the base of the cliffs, I am lost in wonderment at the enterprise and skill displayed by those old Bonifacians. Now I can readily understand how it was that they triumphantly beat back all invaders, for, viewed from the harbor, the town appears impregnable. In a few minutes we reach the open sea, which we find comparatively calm; but, as we advance, the atmosphere becomes sultry and black; threatening clouds gather overhead. In a few moments a vivid flash of lightning darts across the murky sky, followed by an ominous growl of thunder. We have now arrived opposite the arched mouth

of one of the caverns, and a council of war is held. To put back were to expose ourselves to the fury of the rapidly rising waves; on the other hand, to attempt the passage of the grotto were to run the risk of being dashed to pieces against the jagged rocks which guard the entrance. The question is left in the hands of the boatmen, who decide in favor of the latter course. The storm, they declare, will soon blow over.

With a few swift, sure strokes we reach our haven, and not an instant too soon. Down comes the rain, a perfect deluge, and the waves lash themselves into fury against the rocks. Flash upon flash of lightning illumines the cavern, disclosing a scene of marvellous beauty. We are in a stalactite chapel, with dazzling Gothic columns and richly sculptured ceiling, and as far as the eye can reach are similar wonderful formations.

Our boatmen are quite correct in their prognostications. Gradually the thunder becomes more distant, the lightning less vivid, and in the space of half an hour the storm has subsided. Nevertheless, our exit is attended by considerable danger, but, watching their opportunity, our trusty guides dart forth, and we breathe freely once more.

The afternoon is so fine that we determine to explore yet another grotto. This takes the form of a beautiful temple with dome-shaped roof, a fissure in which admits the light of day. A singular circumstance in connection with this rent in the rocks is its strong resemblance to the outline of Corsica, the capes and bays being chiselled out as if by the hand of a cunning sculptor.

On our return to the harbor we visit the oyster-beds which lie opposite the landing-stage, and lay in a store of bivalves for dinner. These I find excellent.

In the course of the evening I am introduced to a personage of some consequence in the town, being none other than Monsieur N—, father of the famous bandit N—, a young man who expiated his crimes—or, in defer-

ence to his worthy parents, let us say offences—at the hands of the gendarmes about four years ago.

The old gentleman has two charming daughters, who hail the advent of a stranger with evident pleasure. These young ladies are not, like the generality of Corsican maidens, coy and reserved. On the contrary, they seem quite at ease in my presence, and ask all sorts of unconventional questions. Pretty Mademoiselle Lena, for example, is anxious to learn whether I am married; and vivacious Josephine, not to be outdone, wishes to know if I have any objections to marrying *her*.

My friend Monsieur C— explains to me afterwards that this leap-year proposal is not such a joke as it appears on the surface. The Corsican paterfamilias finds it an extremely difficult task to get his daughters safely off his hands, for your Corsican youth is not of the marrying kind. Marriage, in fact, is almost at a discount in the island—bachelor readers, please take note. After supper Monsieur N—, by special request, commences a recital of the thrilling events which culminated in the death of Cammello, his younger son. The scene is a striking one, and lends dramatic interest to the story. The dim lamplight leaves the greater part of the large, oak-panelled apartment in shadow. Seated in an armchair is the picturesque form of our ancient host, while gathered round are his wife and daughters in attitudes of rapt attention. Looking down on the group is a portrait of the younger N—, who was at the time of his tragic end a fine, manly young fellow of nineteen. As the narrator proceeds, bosoms heave and eyes flash, but not a tear falls; for they glory in the tragedy which has left them sonless and brotherless. The story of the N— vendetta is so extraordinary that I cannot forbear relating it briefly.

About nine years ago, the N— family being then in humble circumstances at Porto Vecchio, some thirty miles north-east of Bonifacio, Andreas N—, the elder son, had the misfortune to fall in love with a girl considerably his

superior in station. From the first her father set his face against the match; but Paola, his daughter, did not share his animosity to the good-looking young N—. They met clandestinely, not once, but many times; then Andreas made one last appeal to the “powers that were,” only to meet with an angry refusal, accompanied by such insulting epithets as set his hot Corsican nature aflame. Realizing that it was worse than useless to expostulate with the irate parent, Andreas at length took the law into his own hands, and one fine morning the quiet town was startled by a report that he had carried the girl off, none knew whither.

It was true, with the reservation that Paola had gone of her own free will.

In a few days the young couple reached Bastia, whence they intended taking steamer to Leghorn; but this port they were never destined to see.

Filippo G—, eldest brother of Paola, who had once professed the warmest attachment for Andreas, got scent of their hiding-place, and, under cover of his pretended friendship, lulled them into a sense of false security. The Leghorn steamer sailed without them, Filippo having assured them that they were perfectly safe in Bastia. Meanwhile, he had despatched a letter to his father at Porto Vecchio, and in due course a couple of gendarmes arrived from that town, and the unsuspecting Andreas was taken into custody; for such is the law.

The prisoner was conveyed to Porto Vecchio, where he was tried and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Popular sympathy was on his side, however, and from comparative obscurity he was elevated to the proud rank of a hero.

Needless to dwell on the weary days of solitary confinement. One terrible thought kept him brooding for hours at a stretch—revenge. Once at liberty, let Filippo beware.

On the day of his liberation, and for several days thereafter, the traitor was invisible. He knew what must inevitably happen, and kept out of harm's way. But Andreas hid his time, and

ère long an opportunity presented itself of wiping off old scores. Accompanied by his brother, a mere youth, Filippo one day very indiscreetly ventured beyond the precincts of the town ; but before he had proceeded many yards a shot was heard, and the boy fell dead at his feet. The bullet had, of course, been intended for Filippo.

During the next few weeks Andreas, or the bandit N——, as we must call him, who now took up his quarters in the *macchie*, the dense thicket which clothes the slopes of the mountains, was hunted by the gendarmes from bush to bush and crag to crag. But he seemed to bear a charmed life. One day, however, Filippo and a large party were on a hunting expedition in a wild, mountainous tract some miles from Bonifacio, when a shot fired from behind a rock grazed Filippo's cheek. Instantly the whole band rushed to the spot, but the bandit was too quick for them. Presently he was observed lurking among the rocks, and a volley was fired, which Andreas returned with interest, picking off several of his opponents. At length one of the party, creeping up behind the bushes, shot him through the right arm, and in a few moments the bandit was a prisoner.

An hour later, Cammello N——, who kept up communication between his brother and his family, was nearing the place, when he observed a dense volume of smoke issuing from the *macchie* overhead. Cautiously approaching, he beheld a sight that froze him with horror. Within a few yards of him was Andreas, bound to a tree, and encircled by a wall of blazing fagots. Merrily the resinous wood hissed and crackled, and every moment the hungry flames leapt higher and higher, till they licked the bandit's face.

Uttering a terrible cry, Cammello rushed forward and scattered the burning pile ; then raising the scorched and inanimate form in his arms — no easy task, for Andreas was a powerfully built, heavy man — he bore him to a small cavern close by, which the bandit made his lair.

Andreas was to all appearance dead,  
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and for some moments Cammello abandoned himself to a wild paroxysm of grief and rage. Presently, to his intense joy, his brother opened his eyes and essayed to speak, but all that could be heard was an inarticulate murmur. A little wine from Cammello's gourd partially revived him ; but it was evident from his labored breathing and glazing eyes that the end was approaching. A gleam of recognition lit up his face for an instant as he saw Cammello, and his lips moved. Bending down, the youth caught the whispered words : " They tied me up and left me to roast like a pig. Drink of my blood, Cammello, and swear by the Holy Virgin that you will avenge me."

" What fiend's work is this ? " cried Cammello.

" Filippo —— " murmured the dying man ; but before he could complete the sentence he fell back with a groan, and expired.

For the next few days Cammello, cat-like, lay in wait for Filippo ; but the traitor was on the alert, never venturing beyond his own threshold unless in broad daylight. Meanwhile the N—— family migrated to Bonifacio. A month passed, and Andreas was still unavenged.

One day Cammello was resting with gun in hand by the side of a lonely mountain road, when his quick ear caught the sound of an approaching vehicle driven at a furious rate. Next instant a carriage appeared, and he at once saw that the driver had lost control of his horse. Springing to his feet, he succeeded in arresting its mad flight. The solitary occupant, curiously enough an English lady of rank, was profuse in her gratitude. Another moment, and she would probably have been dashed to pieces ; for on one side of the road was a sheer precipice. Entering into conversation with the youth, she presently learned his sad story, and so favorably impressed was she by his fine, manly bearing, that she there and then offered to take him to England and set him up in some suitable business. Cammello would gladly have quitted his native island forever ; but



the spirit of his murdered brother cried aloud for vengeance, and until that solemn duty was accomplished there could be no peace for either it or him.

The matter was compromised, however, by the lady agreeing to return for him in the spring of the following year.

Weeks passed, and Cammello chafed at the delay. Would his chance never come? At length he resolved on a desperate step. Disguising himself as an aged shepherd, he one evening entered Porto Vecchio, and, as luck would have it, beheld his enemy on the point of entering a café in the company of a couple of gendarmes. Two shots were fired in rapid succession, and Filippo G— fell dead at his companions' feet. Immediately all was excitement and confusion, in the midst of which Cammello escaped.

For months the gendarmes scoured the country in search of him, but without obtaining the slightest clue to his hiding-place. Spring came round, and, true to her promise, his warm-hearted but somewhat eccentric patroness landed from her yacht at Ajaccio, and waited Cammello's coming.

On the very afternoon of her arrival the youthful bandit was shot dead by the gendarmes near Sartene.

The next few days are devoted to excursions into the surrounding country. One delightful picnic we have on the coast some miles up the straits, when we are favored with the presence of the N— girls. Here we have excellent fishing, fish of various kinds being abundant. And never shall I forget our *al fresco* repast, set down by those bright and amiable young ladies. *Bouillabaisse*, superior to any I have ever tasted at Marseilles or elsewhere, and fish boiled and fried, in addition to oysters, cold meats, fruits, and the capital wines of the country.

From where we sit we command a beautiful view of the straits. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear, and we can easily make out the houses on the Sardinian coast, with the islands of Maddalena, Caprara, and many others.

Numerous lateen-sailed fishing-boats skim swiftly past, and now and then a merchant vessel glides majestically along.

We reach home as the shades are falling. It is my last evening in Bonifacio. I would fain linger in the quaint old town, but I have still the centre and north of Corsica to explore, and my holiday is limited. I have decided to return by diligence to Sartene. A steamer plies between Bonifacio and Propriano, a small seaport some six miles from Sartene, but unfortunately it does not sail for another week.

The coach starts from my hotel door at the unearthly hour of midnight, and I spend the intervening time along with my friend C— at the hospitable mansion of the N—s. The hours pass only too rapidly, and a glance at the clock reveals the unpleasant fact that the time of departure is close at hand. There is much hand-shaking and tearful embracing, and a profusion of good wishes.

I am cordially invited to return to Bonifacio, which I solemnly promise to do; and, D.V., I will, at no distant date. Punctual to the minute, our Jehu gathers up the ribbons; my old friend, the portly conductor, startles the slumbering inhabitants with a stentorian bugle blast; and we rumble down the steep street, sending belated donkeys scurrying in all directions.

If diligence travelling by day has its risks, what is to be thought of a midnight journey with all its hideous possibilities? The driver, for instance, may doze off and leave the team to its own sweet will, or, perchance, you may be unceremoniously bundled out in the "still, small hours" by brigands. There are two courses open to the traveller—go to sleep and trust to luck, or keep awake and in readiness for any emergency. I have a fellow-passenger, whose appearance is far from reassuring. This gentleman carries a double-barrelled gun, which he coolly deposits under the cushion of the seat. I reflect that, so long as it is there, it is quite harmless. Still, I am not a little uneasy, and determine

to keep awake. Presently I am relieved by the sound of snores issuing from my companion's corner, but it is long ere I fall into a fitful slumber.

There is something awesome in those dark, melancholy mountains by starlight, and the feeling is intensified by snatches of weird melody which proceed from the driver's seat.

At 8 A.M. we clatter into Sartene.

I may mention that among my souvenirs of Bouifacio is a genuine old *stiletto*, which has played a prominent part in more than one bloody vendetta.

J. N. USHER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF A POULTRY-YARD.

WE seldom take up the *Field* nowadays without seeing a letter from Mr. Tegetmeier, the great authority on all matters connected with poultry-breeding. He generally has something new to tell us, and we read with interest his words of wisdom. Even more interesting in some ways is the study of the balance-sheets of those fortunate people who from time to time attempt to teach the public how poultry may be kept at a profit. We shall give our own views on that point later on, and quote a case where we really think that a recently formed limited liability company is likely to return a substantial dividend to the shareholders. But we wish, before all things, to assure Mr. Tegetmeier and other great authorities that we have no intention of trespassing on their preserves, or of attempting to convey to the "fancy" any new information as to the merits or demerits of any particular breed of fowls. Rather may we preface that we propose to deal with the ethical side of the poultry-yard. "*Quidquid agunt pulli nostri farrago libelli.*" In other words, we shall attempt to describe the manners and customs, the virtues and the vices, of poultry as we have found them in our own small experience.

For we, too, "have drunk of the hackneyed stream;" not only have we kept poultry for many years, but we

have so far qualified to pose as members of the Clan-na-Gael of poultry-keepers as to have more than once taken prizes at the Crystal Palace Show, and to have used an incubator, in which we have hatched some eggs, parboiled many, and added not a few. But neither prizes nor incubator results have afforded us a fraction of the pleasure that we have derived from a personal—we might even say an intimate—acquaintance with our feathered friends, and the companionship of poultry-keeping has been infinitely pleasant to us, even when it could not by the greatest stretch of imagination have been pronounced profitable.

In the first place, then, we will admit that the purchase of our incubator was the result of a conclusion arrived at, after long and careful observation and sundry costly experiments, that there are few things in life so wholly unaccountable and so intensely exasperating as the vagaries of a broody hen. Too many of our feathered lady friends when in this presumably interesting condition seem absolutely to lose all self-control, and to set at defiance any well-meant attempt to make matters comfortable for them. One day an expectant mother will make up her mind that the only possible place to sit is in the box where two or three other hens quite as obstinate as herself elect to lay their eggs. Attempts are made to coax her. She is transported in the middle of the night to a beautifully prepared nest in some secluded corner, where she is left comfortably asleep, only to be discovered in her old quarters in the morning, either sitting on the top of a laying hen or allowing the latter to sit upon her. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to induce her to take a lease of the new abode, it is resolved that she shall be allowed to have her own way. Accordingly other hens are warned off the premises, and the broody lady is intrusted with a sitting of valuable eggs in the place she has selected for herself. Now that she has triumphantly asserted her independence, we might expect that matters would go on smoothly, and that a sense

of decency would impel her to proceed with the hatching process. But, lo and behold ! after she has sat upon her eggs for perhaps a week, a new whim seizes her. She deserts her own nest, prolongs her morning walk, and with infinite labor makes her way to the nest which she had originally rejected, and proceeds to oust the tenant, another lady in the same condition as herself. Mutual recriminations ensue ; there is a stand-up fight in the nest ; the eggs are scattered, trampled upon, broken ; and when the poultryman arrives on the scene of action he finds two settings of highly prized eggs completely ruined, and two hitherto respectable, middle-aged ladies in a woful state of dilapidation.

Another prospective mother, also a strong-minded female, announced a determination to sit in a hay-loft, where, for a good many reasons, it was decided by the authorities that she should not so sit. A search was made, and a nest discovered, in which, as a preparatory measure, she had laid a dozen eggs. These were duly confiscated, and the hen was driven away by the groom whenever she was seen to approach the loft. When, after a few days, she ceased clucking, and seemed to be going about the yard much as usual, it was naturally supposed that she had made up her mind to postpone her sitting till a more convenient season. But, as events shortly proved, the lady was only dissembling ; and we are free to admit that she dissembled so successfully as to completely hoodwink the groom and the poultryman. She must have sat at odd times, and taken her outings when she was most likely to be noticed ; and the first evidence of her *mala fides* was a solitary chicken hatched out of an egg laid in a new and quite unsuspected part of the loft. Her one and only child this strong-minded mother conducted to the opening of the loft, and, as he gazed in wonder on the wide, wide world below, she suddenly put her beak behind him, launched him into space, and then, cackling loudly, flew down herself to retrieve him at the other end. Mother

and child reached *terra firma* almost simultaneously, and the latter seemed none the worse for his ten-foot drop on to a paved courtyard. Having no little brothers and sisters to share his provender, he showed every promise of growing into an extremely fine cockerel ; but his career was ruthlessly cut short at the request of a practical and most unromantic cook.

We can remember in our childhood the Cochín-China craze, and the pictures in *Punch* of long-legged Cochín cocks being taken out for an airing by the family page. Everything in creation has an object, and it seems to be a common theory that Cochín-China hens were sent into the world for the especial purpose of hatching young ducks. For, if of all hen mothers the Cochín is in some ways the most awkward, it would be hard to find any creature in which the instinct of maternity is more strongly developed. One old lady we can remember who spent the months of March, April, and May in hatching two sittings of ducks' eggs, and laying four eggs on her own account. She rather spoilt her record by treading two of her first brood to death ; and as it was felt to be improbable that her feet should have grown smaller or her awkwardness mitigated during her second period of incubation, the latter brood of ducklings were given to another hen to rear. For a fortnight Mrs. Cochín walked about disconsolate, and was apparently trying to make up her mind between the two alternatives of committing suicide or laying what she was pleased to consider a sufficient number of eggs to qualify her for another sitting period, when one fine day a welcome sight greeted her eyes. Several members of her first brood had, alas ! gone the way of most ducklings, and had already been eaten or were being fattened in a coop. But now the survivors, three ducks reserved for breeding purposes, having been transferred from another part of the grounds, hove into sight under the escort of a middle-aged drake. These the old lady greeted with an enthusiasm which the young

people, who had long left the nursery, and might even be said to have "come out," clearly thought misplaced. But children's ingratitude, sharper, as King Lear held, than a serpent's tooth, fell very flat on Mrs. Cochin, who was resolved at all hazards to do her duty. From morning to night she toiled in the rear of her returned but far from penitent prodigals, and the idea that it was an entirely one-sided affection never seemed to have entered her dear old head.

She watched them with undisguised anxiety at first, and later on with an air of complacent resignation, as they swam in a little muddy pond, and after a few days gave up as hopeless the attempt to recall them by such well-worn nursery artifices as promises of newly found tit-bits and treats galore. When they came to shore after their bath and prepared for a quiet nap after the manner of their tribe, the old lady would flutter round them and invite them with loud clucking to come once more, as in old days, beneath her sheltering wings, absolutely disregarding the fact that their size rendered the feat a physical impossibility. How we pitied the drake, suddenly condemned to see the chosen objects of his attentions subjected to this most unforeseen and most assiduous chaperonage! Under the circumstances, to his credit be it said, he behaved very well, and constrained himself to be decently civil to the old lady. But when, last ignominy of all, Mrs. Cochin, whom we presume to have been short-sighted, in an unguarded moment mistook him for one of her own offspring, and, fearful that her darling might be sitting in a draught, proceeded to deposit her portly form, not on his lap, which would have been bad enough, but on his head, his cup was full to overflowing. He so far forgot himself as to swear out loud, and ungraciously overturning his intended protectress, waddled off to the water in high indignation, and, as we believe, came very near breaking off the proposed alliance. Poor young fellow! he was neither the first, nor is likely to be the last, eligible

bachelor destined to be sat upon by his prospective mother-in-law.

How truly and rigidly the French proverb *Cherchez la femme* holds good in the history of a poultry-yard may be gathered from the following story. Long years ago there were living in a grass-run, far from the madding crowd and separated by a three-acre field from the petty strifes and jealousies of the farmyard, two young cockerels which had been set apart for breeding purposes. Inasmuch as they were the only two chickens hatched out of a sitting of eggs for which a very fancy price had been given, they were worth their weight, if not of gold, at any rate of silver at the present value. As in their country residence there was a sufficiency of food, room, scratching-ground, and all that a fowl holds dear, nothing ever occurred to disturb their harmony. In fact, Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, could not have lived in more perfect concord. There was a total absence of jealousy; if one crowed, the other flapped his wings as a matter of course; either youngster readily applauded any up-to-date performance of his companion. But, alas! on one fell day a featherless and thoughtless biped, temporarily forgetful of the fact that the law of forbidden affinities has no force in the poultry-yard, introduced into this earthly paradise—a female. She was neither young nor fair to see, only a dirty, dishevelled, most unprepossessing old hen, a shrew at the best of times, and on this occasion in a consumedly bad temper. To be strictly just, she really had a grievance. Having succeeded in hatching three chickens from a setting of thirteen eggs, ten of which had been addled entirely owing to her shortcomings, she had had the mortification of seeing her trio taken from her and presented to a neighbor who had just brought off a brood of ten. They were only common barn-door chicks to be sure, but still—

When yet was found a mother  
Who'd give her booby for another?

However, maugre her unprepossess-

ing appearance and obvious ill-temper, the sudden appearance of Helen of Troy, or even of the apple of discord itself, could not have created a greater sensation. While she was intent on nothing but the discovery of some exit from her new residence, the original proprietors, gay young cavaliers both, rushed forward to proffer their services. And then, melancholy to relate, either Damon in his haste trod on Pythias' toe, or the latter it may be unintentionally jostled Damon; at any rate, a peck was given and returned, and in an instant, the quondam friends were engaged in a desperate encounter. Being equally matched and well-bred birds, they fought till they could hardly stand or see, and as in the Hannibalic war the ultimate victor was more than once perilously near defeat. At the end of half an hour, all breathless and bloodstained, the victor, as after the tournament of old, approached to pay his *devoir* to the "Queen of Love and Beauty," and as "the meed of valor" received at the hands of the indignant virago quite as sound a thrashing as that which he had just administered to his brother. Let us draw a veil over the history of the next few days. Suffice it to say that the lady showed that she was in no humor for love-making or for being made love to. She bossed the show from morning till night, kept the young gentlemen very well in their places, and never allowed them to touch the food until she had finished her own repast. Even when she was finally restored to the poultry-yard, the evil affects of her disastrous advent were clearly visible in the altered relations of the lads she left behind her. An armed neutrality took the place of the old cordial affection.

The cock, the lord of the harem, has often been described as gallant. His gallantry, we regret to state, is, so far as our experience of him goes, gallantry only in a very restricted sense of the term. He has all the faults and few of the virtues of a jealous husband, and if he objects forcibly to see any one dangling about his own wives, he is absolutely unscrupulous in the matter

of poaching on other people's preserves. In short, in his matrimonial relations his motto may be said to be, "What's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own." When he is in a good temper he is moderately polite to the fair sex, and may at times be seen standing with his eyes half-closed while a chosen circle of lady friends perform for him much the same kindly office as Bottom exacted of his attendant elves. When, again, he has eaten and drunk as much as he can conveniently carry, he will be generous enough to summon his favorite sultana for the time being and allow her to pick up any surplus food. But even then it is a Damoclean repast. For if her lord and master, who is, like the schoolboy, generally hungry and always greedy, suddenly feels that his crop can contain one more grain, the lady becomes painfully aware that her presence—or, shall we say, her assistance?—is no longer required. She becomes the recipient of a hearty peck, and is sent about her business, an innocent victim, like Vashti, of a despot's caprice. At the morning and evening meal, when all fowls have a right to feel hungry, and there is a general rush for the food, we note a painful lack of dignity about the royal movements; for then cocky thinks nothing of upsetting the ladies of the court in all directions, and pecking right and left with a hearty goodwill which spares neither age nor sex.

"Look, darling," we once heard a governess, anxious to improve the occasion, say to her charges,—"look! how kind the big brother is to his little sisters. He never tries to snatch things himself, but calls them up and gives them all the nice things he finds."

Poor deluded woman! if the moral was all right, her premisses were very, very faulty. It may be laid down as a law of nature that whenever a cock calls up a hen to eat anything he has discovered, he will occasionally do so because he is in such a gorged condition as to feel himself incapable of swallowing another morsel; but much more commonly because he either has



a suspicion that the treasure-trove is poisonous or indigestible, or because he has learnt by previous experience that it does not suit his royal palate. This fact in natural history we had already suspected from observation. But recollecting that our logic books had told us that experiment, where practicable, is the more reliable method of scientific discovery, we experimentalized as follows. It happened that we were playing cricket on the school close at Rugby on a typical English cricket-day—very cold, that is, and showery; it was one of those occasions, in fact, when the fielding side spends some hours in the pavilion, and the game only proceeds at lucid intervals. Outside the window of the down-stairs dressing-room some fowls were busily scratching. These some of our party began to feed with bread-pellets, of which the cock, a hardened old Mormon in brown drawers, long of leg and prolific of pecks, got the lion's share. Some genius, disgusted with the old fellow's greedy and overbearing behavior, suggested that we should give him a soap-pellet by way of a change. A couple of soap-pellets were accordingly manufactured, and thrown out, and the cock swallowed them one after the other. In a moment a change came over his countenance. He first eyed us with a look which said as plainly as if he had spoken the words, "Well, you are a set of beasts," and then retired to a corner, where by dint of expectoration he so far relieved his feelings as to be able to come up to the scratch when he saw that his womankind were being regaled with a fresh stock of bread-pellets. We tried him again with the soap. But if he had abated nothing of his greed, and though his manners were in no degree improved by his temporary retirement, he amply demonstrated the proof of the proverb, "Once bitten, twice shy," and instead of swallowing the pellets like so many oysters, retained them in his beak just long enough to make sure of the flavor. If it was bread he ate it himself; soap-pellets he distributed among his wives with a great

affectation of generosity, calling each lady up in turn as her predecessor retired to clear the decks in a corner of the yard. His invitations were clearly to be regarded as royal commands, and any hesitation on the part of a lady, who having tasted soap once was loath to repeat the experiment, was treated as a serious offence. In fact, they were one and all much in the same predicament as a small boy whose Spartan nurse has told him to choose between a black-draught and a spanking.

We wondered afterwards whether the headmaster, or whoever owned the fowls, detected a soapy flavor about the breakfast eggs for the next day or two, but consoled ourselves by the reflection that no instructor of youth could really object to suffer a little temporary inconvenience in the cause of scientific discovery. We feel very strongly that if our old friend cocky-locky ever finds his way into the divorce court, both on the score of cruelty and inconstancy, plenty of evidence will be forthcoming to establish the decree *nisi*.

And yet, strange paradox, in his position as a husband the cock positively shines as contrasted with the attitude he assumes in other domestic relations. The brutality of Frederick the Great's most unnatural father pales into insignificance before the habitual severity shown by chanticleer towards his own offspring.

*Uxoris pãrẽre, et pãrẽre, parare mariti est.*

So ran a line in our old Latin Primer: The hen, it is true, faithfully performs her part of the contract, but the cock wofully fails in his. In that old-fashioned, but none the less admirable, child's story-book "The Robins," we have the sketch of a robin father who is unsparing in his efforts to provide the young brood with wholesome food as well as sound advice; and we believe that in real life as well as in fiction the male bird in his wild state takes occasional spells of sitting, by way of relieving his consort. Can it be that ultra-civilization has

warped the nature and changed the disposition of our *Gallus gallinaceus*? The sole piece of advice, so far as we have noticed, that he ever condescends to bestow on his chickens may be held to imply, "Get out of the light, you nasty little thing, or I shall kick you;" and he adds weight to the admonition by inflicting most unnecessarily hard pecks on some small, fluffy little thing which has only imperfectly understood him. We are all in favor of a little wholesome chastisement, and even mother hen finds it necessary on occasion to correct some unruly member of the brood; but we can see that she, like other sensible parents, uses the slipper judiciously, out of kindness and for the good of the child. The father's pecks are palpably given in a fit of bad temper or in a spirit of wanton brutality. And as to providing food for the family, he not only does nothing of the sort, but is so far recognized by poultry-keepers to be habitually guilty of robbery with violence, that the food which other people kindly provide for his chickens has to be put into a coop or some place where he cannot get at it. Even then the crafty old villain will lie in wait like Duval, the pirate of Dr. Birch's school, immortalized by Thackeray. Like Duval, "he scents plunder from afar off, and pounces upon it." Woe betide the misguided chicken who issues from his shelter with some *bonne bouche* in his beak! The lord of the premises is on the lookout, and, *vi et armis*, appropriates the delicacy.

But there is looming in the distance a day of retribution. We know the advice often given by a friendly monitor to a young man in difficulties, "Go, and have it out with the governor." The little cockerel, son, or it may be supposititious child, of an unnatural and barbarous father, seems to live—that is, if the cook and other powers that be allow him to live—with a determination deep rooted in his little heart to "have it out with the governor" at some period or other. To a certain extent we must applaud the sentiment. For if our trodden worm

was never to turn, proverbs would lose their significance. But the means to the end we may not commend. In punching his twin brother's head, or it may be in having his head punched by his twin brother, he is only doing what we might have done ourselves had Providence thought fit to provide us with that rather overrated commodity—a twin brother. But, *horresco referens*, it is no unusual thing to see the young rooster engaged in a stand-up fight with his own mother, and come off victorious. We will give him credit for not bestowing any unnecessary pecks after he has once for all asserted his superiority; but the unpleasant fact remains that he would just as soon have a rough and tumble with his progenitress as with any other fowl in the yard. From the day that he has thus vindicated his claim to independence the young cockerel may be regarded as a sort of social pariah. A few giddy-pated young pullets may surreptitiously lend him countenance; but the more staid matrons of the yard strongly resent any attempts on his part to establish a flirtation, while paterfamilias takes his daily exercise in chasing the young upstart round and round the premises. He keeps a specially sharp eye upon him at the morning and evening meal; and as we have often watched the old gentleman suddenly break off his own meal and charge with reckless disregard, both of his own digestion and his wives' comfort, at any male youngster who happens to be eating in his neighborhood, we have felt that the dog in the manger must have been a mere joke to him. This pariah-like existence on the one side, and relentless persecution on the other, will last till the young bird is perhaps a year old. Then one day he will suddenly turn round and face his persecutor. He knows as he does so that his is a desperate game, and must be played out to the bitter end. He has crossed his Rubicon and burnt his ships behind him; he must do or die; it must be victory or Westminster Abbey. And in nine cases out of ten it will be the former. For youth

will be served, and the yearling cockerel is probably in better training and better fighting trim than his mature rival. But it will be a desperate battle — desperate on both sides, in the strictest sense of the term — and the young victor will be punished almost more severely than the vanquished.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked, — as Kosciusko  
fell.

There is no patriot in the case now, only a fallen bully and tyrant. And yet, little though he has deserved it, we must extend to him some sympathy. For neither in the pages of history nor those of fiction is pictured quite so lamentable a fall as this, that must occur daily in one or other of the poultry-yards of the world. For a parallel we must go to Scripture, and read the story of Satan being cast out of heaven. The Greek tragedian was perhaps beyond all other writers successful in what we may be allowed to call "piling up the agony," and it is hard to imagine any reverses of fortune more awful than those depicted in the cases of Hecuba or of *Œdipus*. The former, in summing up her misfortunes, tells us that "she had been a queen, but now was a slave; that from being a happy mother she found herself in old age childless, homeless, deserted, most wretched of mortals." But to her was granted the solace of a bloody if only partial revenge. Of *Œdipus* it was said: —

By how much from the top of wondrous  
glory  
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art  
fallen.

In the day of retribution it may indeed rest lightly on the conscience of fallen chanticleer that he has wittingly — or, as he is only a bird, after all, shall we say unwittingly? — committed the same crimes as *Œdipus*, — has very probably murdered his father, and if so, most certainly married his mother; it may well be that the only reason why he has not cared to call himself, like Hecuba, blessed in his children, is because he has habitually ignored the

relationship. But, on the other hand, he has neither the savage comfort of revenge like Hecuba, nor, unless indeed some merciful biped, acting the part of the *deus ex machinâ*, transports him to fresh pastures, will he have, like *Œdipus*, the chance of redeeming in old age the misfortunes of youth, and "wholly forgetting his first sad life and home and all that Theban woe."

For the bowstring offered to deposed Oriental sovereigns by their supplanters, the disappearance of the dethroned sultan which we encounter in the history of Turkey, the violent murder of more than one of our own kings, the lifelong incarceration of ill-starred Robert of Normandy, are so many acts of mercy as contrasted with the fate of this autocrat, reduced to abject and hunted slavery, compelled to see his wives become the willing prey of the conqueror, condemned to wander unattended in the outskirts of the yard, and to pick up a scanty livelihood from the refuse of his late slave's leavings, afraid to answer the challenging crow of his triumphant enemy. There is no semblance of chivalry about the victor. He will neither receive the deposed monarch into the circle of his intimate friends like a Cyrus, nor treat him royally as Alexander treated Porus, nor let him retain his title and semblance of royalty in an Elba. His is rather the motto of the Gallic chieftain, *Væ victis*. Old insults will be repaid with insults, old beatings with beatings; for every degradation that was put on himself in his youth he will heap ten-fold degradation on his former persecutor, and to compass that object he will bring into play all the resources of spite that an ill-regulated nature can invent.

It only remains for us to redeem a promise made early in these pages, and to quote the only case that has come actually within our own ken where poultry have been kept at a profit. The proprietors are a limited liability company which may have escaped registration owing to the circumstance that all the shares, whether preference or ordinary, were taken up by the direc-

tors, and none were offered to the public. The directors are three young ladies, and a ready market is found for the produce of the poultry-yard—at home; it being an understood thing, even if there is no stamped agreement to the effect, that the housekeeper—*i.e.*, the mother of these adventures—should buy eggs the whole year round at 1s. 6d. per dozen, and fowls at a trifle over the current poulterer's price, and that no extraneous purchases may be made except by special consent of the company. No rent is paid for the premises occupied by the poultry; and as there are plenty of gardeners, etc., about the place, the employment of outside labor would be obviously a work of supererogation. Occasionally the Market has been reported to complain that there is a plethora of eggs between February and June, and that the supply is wholly inadequate to meet the demand at any other time of the year; or that the chickens are ridiculously small, and the especially fattened are abnormally tough. But the answer to such criticisms is that the directors really cannot be held responsible for the capriciousness of laying hens; that a provident housekeeper should in the months of plenty store eggs for winter consumption; and that if the same price is quoted for a four-months as for a six-months chicken, it would be obviously false economy to feed the creature for the extra two months. Hens, it will be added, who refuse to lay must be got rid of, and it is cheaper to sell them than to give them away.

"You need not eat them, mother dear, unless you like. You can bury them if you like, after you have paid for them."

Hearing such words of wisdom, the Market resignedly accepts her fate.

Under such circumstances as these, it is easy to imagine that there is a fair margin for profit.

But, generally speaking, the poultry-yard is by no means an *El Dorado*, and he who aspires to make money out of poultry-farming, either on a large or small scale, is more likely to be disappointed than the reverse. But, *per*

*contra*, any one who is prepared to devote much time, much personal attention, and a little money to a harmless and withal a very interesting occupation, may derive a vast amount of pleasure and not a little instruction from studying the manners and customs, the virtues and the vices, of his feathered friends.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE OLD-AGE HOMES IN AUSTRIA.

In the Spitalgasse in Vienna, about a mile perhaps from the Ring, stands a great yellow building. There is no architectural beauty about the place—artists shake their heads sorrowfully when its name is mentioned—but it has a solid, well-built look which promises much in the way of comfort for those who live there. It is in the very healthiest part of the city, too, and is a perfect model of cleanliness and order; its windows are quite dazzling in their brightness, while as for its walls, they are painted and washed more often than those of the Burg. The house is built round a great courtyard, and abuts on the side remote from the street on one of the most beautiful gardens in all Vienna. It is a real old-fashioned garden, with sweet-smelling herbs and shrubs, and great trees that look as if they had been standing there for centuries.

This house is evidently a popular resort; even in a morning many a visitor makes his way thither, and on fine afternoons the garden is often quite crowded. Young men and women stroll in when their day's work is done; and husbands and wives, with their children. Sometimes a bridal party or a christening may be seen there, in all their finery, just as they have left the church; sometimes, too, sad little groups in deep mourning. The place is a sort of general rendezvous, in fact, where the old and the young meet together to talk things over. Not that it stands open to all the world; it is only the friends and relatives of those who live there who are

admitted. Still, whether or not they ever cross its threshold, the poor of Vienna all look upon this building as their own special property, and take quite a personal pride in its trim, well-kept air. The veriest Ishmael among them, even when things are at the worst with him, never thinks of grudging its inmates their comfort. For it is an Old-Age Home, one of the six great refuges which Vienna provides for her worn-out workers.

These Old-Age Homes are an institution peculiar to Austria, one that dates back to very early days. The first of them, the Langhaus as it was called, was built in the thirteenth century by the citizens of Vienna. Here old men and women who had no means wherewith to support themselves were lodged and provided with lights and fuel. They were dependent for their food on chance charity; but they do not seem on that account to have fared the worse, for we are told expressly that "every day, without exception, they had wine with their dinner, and beer in an evening." The court when in residence used to send them dainties of all kinds; and the great nobles would give them a buck, or a few sheep, from time to time. It was the custom, too, on high holidays—this is very characteristic of Vienna—for the rich citizens and their wives to pay visits to the poor old folk and make them presents.

The Langhaus was destroyed by the Turks in 1529; but before long another home was built in the St. Marx district, and in this between five and six hundred old people were not only housed, but boarded. During the seventeenth century several institutions of a similar kind were founded.

As time passed, the Old-Age Homes lost, unfortunately, much of their distinctive character, and were often used as hospitals, and even as orphan asylums. The Emperor Josef the Second, however, speedily put an end to this state of things; for, if there was one work of social reform he had more at heart than another, it was that of bettering the condition of the aged poor.

He was one of the first formally to enunciate the doctrine that a man who has worked in the days of his strength has the right to be supported by his fellows when old age comes upon him. By the Poor Law which he drew up for his subjects, it is enacted that any person who is destitute may, at the age of sixty, claim from his commune either free board and lodging, or a pension equal in amount to one-third of his previous average annual earnings. And this was to be granted to him not as a favor, or as charity, but as a right. The Vienna poor-law regulations of to-day, in so far as they relate to the treatment of the aged, are founded on this statute.

All persons who have a right of settlement in Vienna—i.e., about thirty-six per cent. of the inhabitants—may, on or after their sixtieth birthday, claim either a pension, or admission to an Old-Age Home, always providing they cannot support themselves, and have no relatives who are bound legally to support them. As, however, there is room in these institutions for only some forty-six hundred persons, and there are usually more than four times that number who wish to live there—the pensions are now miserably small—the Poor-Law authorities are vested with a certain discretionary power in deciding who shall, and who shall not, be admitted. And so far as possible the preference is given to persons of good characters, to those whose destitution is the result of their misfortune, not their heedlessness or extravagance. The great majority of the inmates of these homes, therefore, belong to the respectable poor class. Thus no disgrace is attached to going there; an Austrian would no more think of being ashamed that his father was in an Old-Age Home, than an Englishman would, that his had rooms in Hampton Court. One reason why old people in England dread going to the workhouse is the knowledge that, when they have once crossed its threshold, they will be regarded as pariahs even by their nearest relatives.

Only two of the six Old-Age Homes



belonging to Vienna are in the city itself; the others are at some little distance away, in the country. One is at Liesing, another at St. Andrä, another again at Ybbs, and the fourth at Mauerbach. They are all in healthy localities, however, and are fine large buildings with gardens. The cost of the home in the Währingerstrasse, which is reserved exclusively for free-men of the city and their wives and daughters, is defrayed out of the Bürgerfond, i.e., the income derived from money and land bequeathed by the charitable as a provision for poor citizens of Vienna. The other homes are supported out of the ordinary poor relief fund, supplemented when necessary by special grants voted by the municipality. The head of the Poor Law Department is responsible for the management of them to the burgomaster, as the representative of the city. Roughly speaking, these institutions are all organized in the same way as the one in the Spitalgasse, although in the Freeman's Home the arrangements are on a somewhat more generous scale.

Each wing of the Spitalgasse Home is divided into a number of large, lofty rooms, opening on to a long corridor. There are from ten to twenty beds in a room, and very comfortable beds they are, with plenty of warm coverlets. By each of them is a sort of "what-not," with a cupboard on one side for clothes, and shelves on the other; and there are chairs and tables standing about. In spite of the long row of beds there is something homelike about the place, owing, in some degree at least, to the fact that the old people are allowed to take with them there some few of their own belongings. It may be only a portrait or two, a footstool, a few books, or even a monstrosity in the form of wax flowers; but almost every inmate has some little treasure or other, which it would have cost him a pang to part with. Then in summer the rooms are gay with flowers; there are plants raised perhaps with infinite pains in some poor attic, and little posies which have evidently been gath-

ered in the Prater. Canaries and thrushes, too, are in some parts of the house, though only there on sufferance. Should their singing be objected to, they must be reduced to silence or banished; for in the Old-Age Homes there is an inexorable law in force: no one person or his belongings shall interfere with the comfort of another.

The corridors, which are furnished with comfortable settees, are well warmed in winter and serve as general sitting-rooms. Here, when it is too cold to be out of doors, the old men bring their pipes and the old women their knitting, and there is much talking and cackling and comparing of notes. Politics are warmly discussed sometimes, and ministers are weighed in the balance and found wanting. All the latest telegrams are read aloud, on the very day they are issued, too; for these Austrian paupers are not dependant on chance passers-by for their journals. They club together—English Guardians will be startled to hear of paupers having anything wherewith to club—and subscribe for daily papers, one for each corridor, and these they receive just as regularly and as punctually as if they were archdukes. "It would never do, you see," one old man informed me gravely, in his quaint Wiener dialect, "for us not to keep up with what's going on in the world. These are stirring times."

Although the corridors throughout the house are regarded as the common property of the two, all the women—wives as well as widows and spinsters—have their rooms in a wing of the building, quite separated from that in which the men have theirs. In view of certain discussions which have been raised in England of late, one of the inmates was asked if he did not think it rather hard that he and his wife should be thus kept apart in their old age.

"Kept apart?" he replied, with an odd, puzzled look on his wrinkled old face. "We are none kept apart. Why, I see a lot more of the old woman now than I ever did in my life before. She's about here from morn-

ing till night, as often as not. Blauer Himmel! If that's not enough!"

The commissariat of this Spitalgasse Home is organized on very original lines. The Poor Law Department, instead of providing the inmates with food, allows them to buy it for themselves, and gives to each of them, for this purpose, twenty-six kreuzers (about 5d.) a day. To secure them from exploitation, an arrangement is in force by which a professional caterer undertakes to keep for their benefit a restaurant in the home itself. This restaurant is under strict surveillance, a committee appointed by the depart-

ment deciding what kinds of food are to be provided and at what price. The old people, however, are under no obligation to go there; they are perfectly free to have their meals elsewhere if they choose; but this they rarely do, unless it be as guests, for nowhere else can they obtain such good value for their money. The marvel is, indeed, that any caterer can be found willing to supply good food, and good it certainly is, at the price at which it is sold in the home restaurant. I subjoin the bill of fare for the able-bodied; there is another, much more elaborate and varied, for the invalids.

	Half portions.		Whole portions.	
	Weight or measure.	Price. kr. <sup>1</sup>	Weight or measure.	Price. kr.
"Einbrenn" soup . . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint	2
Clear soup . . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	1
" " with bread crumbs . . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	2
Soup, with rice, etc. . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	2
" " minced beef, etc. . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	4
Beef, cooked, and without bones . . . . .	2·8 oz.	5	3·9 oz.	7
Corn beef with sauce . . . . .	—	—	$4\frac{1}{2}$ " "	5
"Beuschl" . . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint	5
Roast veal, lamb, or pork . . . . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	10	$5\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	16
Smoked beef . . . . .	—	—	2 " "	6
Potatoes, cabbage, turnips, etc. . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint	2
Peas, etc. . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	3
Milk puddings . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint	3	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	4
Nudeln . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	3	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	4
Boiled puddings . . . . .	2 oz.	1	$4\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	2
Old white wine . . . . .	·22 pint	4	·44 pint	8
Red wine . . . . .	·22 " "	6	·44 " "	12
Beer . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	4	·88 " "	6
Milk . . . . .	—	—	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	3
Coffee . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	3	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	5

And before any one of these dishes may be served, the director of the home and one of the doctors must certify that its ingredients are of excellent quality, and that it is well cooked.

There is nothing in the appearance of this pauper restaurant to distinguish it from those which artisans and members of the lower middle class frequent. It is a large, comfortable room furnished with a number of chairs and little round tables; and everything about it is scrupulously clean. Within certain limits its clients may choose

their own hours for their meals; but breakfasts are not served after nine o'clock; dinners, only between eleven and two; and no one is allowed to linger over his supper later than eight o'clock in winter, or nine in summer. They make their way to their dinners in twos and threes as a rule—a husband and wife, perhaps, and a friend. They choose their table and then settle themselves down to a careful consideration of the *menu*. The relative merits of soups and puddings are anxiously balanced, and much heart-searching is

<sup>1</sup> Five kreuzers are equal to about one penny.

gone through as to whether a cup of coffee at three kreuzers, or a glass of wine at four, is the better worth having. When they have made up their minds on these and cognate points, they give their orders, and with quite a lordly air, too, as befits persons who have money in hand to pay for what they wish. The choosing and ordering of their own dinners is to most of these old people a source of intense delight; the mere fact of having money to spend gives them a feeling of independence and self-importance which lightens many a burden they have to bear. If the Poor Law Department were to offer them regular board, with three luxurious meals a day, instead of their meagre little twenty-six kreuzers, the majority of them would certainly reject it with scorn.

These little allowances are valued, too, for another reason: they are a proof of trustworthiness on the part of those who receive them. When a man enters an Old-Age Home his twenty-six kreuzers a day are handed to him as a matter of course. If, however, as sometimes happens, he does not turn them to good account—if, for instance, he spends an undue proportion of them on tobacco, beer, or wine—it is pointed out to him that such conduct cannot be tolerated. Should he not take the hint thus given, he receives an official warning. Then, unless he mends his ways, and that speedily, his kreuzers are stopped and he is placed on rations. Invalids, too, and the feeble-minded have no allowances. Their meals are ordered for them by the doctor, and are sent from the restaurant to their own rooms.

Those responsible for the management of the Old-Age Homes have decided the clothes question in an eminently common-sense fashion. Such of the old people as have clothes of their own, or have friends willing to provide them with clothes, wear them; while the less fortunate are supplied by the Poor Law Department with what they require. In the latter case the dress, though as plain as possible, is warm and comfortable, and of the kind

worn by the artisan class—of grey or brown homespun, or dark-colored serge. It is not uniform; indeed, as it is made in the building, it is exceedingly probable that they who wear it—at least if they be women—have a voice in deciding its *façon*. With the exception of the invalids, all are required to keep their clothes in good repair, and to pay a certain amount of attention to their own personal appearance. These are points which, especially in Vienna, are strongly insisted upon; for the city does not choose to have its old pensioners going about dirty or in rags. The hall-porter has strict orders to allow no one to go out unless he has “tidied up;” and this regulation is warmly approved of by the majority of the inmates themselves. To an outsider it certainly seems superfluous, for most of the old people are the very picture of neatness. They all appear to have a good supply of clothes. One of the inmates of the Prague Home insisted on showing me his wardrobe. In addition to the rough grey suit he was wearing, he had a pair of dark trousers and waistcoat, a black coat, and a long blue overcoat—all in thoroughly good condition. He had, too, under his care a silk gown which he displayed with infinite pride. It was his wife’s wedding-dress, he told me. His wife, who lives in another wing of the building, had, it seems, handed it over to him for greater safety. “She always wears it, though, of course, when we pay visits,” he remarked incidentally.

Many of the inmates of these homes supplement their twenty-six kreuzers a day by earning a little money on their own account; and the Poor Law authorities, far from throwing obstacles in the way of their doing so, give them every encouragement. They even provide work for such of the more worthy among them as have the strength, and the wish to do it; and, what is much more remarkable, they pay them regular wages. It is not much that they give, of course, only some ten kreuzers for a six hours’ day; still, even ten kreuzers are not to be despised. There

is many an old man in our English unions who would gladly work all day for half that sum if he might but spend it as he chose. The pensioners receive no remuneration for doing the lighter kind of housework, such as making their own beds and keeping their rooms clean; this they are required to do, so long, at least, as they have the necessary strength. But, when there is any carpentering to be done, the carpenters in the home have the option of doing it; and the same arrangement is in force with regard to the dress-making, tailoring, shoemaking, etc.; while all are free to turn their hands to gardening and wood-chopping. And for this work they are paid. Some of the women, too, earn quite a tidy little sum by knitting stockings and vests, and helping to keep the house-linen in repair. Then such of the old people as are specially reliable may become the paid officials of the institution. Attached to each room is a *Stube-Vater*, or a *Stube-Mutter*, as the case may be, who receives six kreuzers a day for keeping order and seeing that they who live there conduct themselves properly. If any one is ill, it is the duty of these officials to fetch what food or medicine he may require, and to look after him generally and try to make him comfortable. In the rooms set apart for invalids, the *Stube-Vaters* or *Stube-Mutters* are replaced by nurses. Even they who, from lack of strength or inclination, do not work, are not, as a rule, entirely dependent for their support on their twenty-six kreuzers; for whatever presents they receive, whether in money or in kind, are their own private property. And their visitors rarely go empty-handed. The roughest of the rough likes to take his old father at least a bit of tobacco when he drops in to see him; and there is no end to the mysterious-looking little packages with which daughters are laden when they arrive. One rule, however, is rigidly enforced: no spirit is allowed to be taken into the homes.

In all these institutions, excepting the one at Mauerbach, the discipline in

force is of the very gentlest character. Practically the inmates may do just as they like, so long as they conduct themselves in an orderly fashion and do not quarrel. When once they have made their rooms neat, they may lounge about in the sunshine, or by the stove, the whole day long if they choose. After dinner they may all go to bed for an hour, and this many of them do. In each home there is a chapel in which mass is celebrated every day; but the old people are perfectly free to go there or not, just as the fancy takes them. If they care to do so, they may leave the home every day, at one o'clock, and need not return until eight in the evening. Then they have the right to spend one whole day with their friends every week; and if they wish to spend two, the director rarely or never refuses them the permission. Once a year, too, they may go away for a whole month, providing that they have anywhere to go to. Some of them pay quite a string of visits during the summer, and return to the home all the better and the more contented for the change. These privileges, however, are strictly conditional on good behavior. Should any of the pensioners show a disposition to abuse their liberty, it is at once curtailed. If a man—or a woman—does not return to the home by the appointed time, or if he returns in a disorderly condition, he is not allowed to go out again for some time to come; nor may he undertake any paid work. If he should stir up strife among his fellows, or in any other way interfere with the well-being of those around him, he is subject to imprisonment in a room in the home, though for not more than forty-eight hours. The persistently insubordinate or unruly, however, are not allowed to remain in the ordinary homes, but are sent to Mauerbach, where, though only in one wing of the building, a somewhat sterner *régime* prevails.

Each Old-Age Home is under the management of a resident director, who must render an account of all that passes there to the head of the Poor

Law Department. This director, however, is only a constitutional ruler; his authority, though considerable, is strictly limited. Once a month, in each home, the officials, the clergyman, the doctors, and a representative of the Poor Law Department, sit in conference, and the inmates are invited to appear before them and make known their wishes and their grievances. A full report of the proceedings upon these occasions must be submitted to the head of the department. Not very long ago there was an odd little scene in one of the homes. Some dozen old women were interviewing the director for the purpose of inducing him to let them stay where they were, whereas he had received orders to send them to a home further from Vienna. One might have thought, from the tone some of them assumed, that he was an unreasonable landlord, and they tenants whom, in defiance of the law, he was seeking to evict. The director's manner, meanwhile, was deprecativ in the extreme. He spent a good half hour soothing the old dames, and striving to convince them that, even down in the country, life might be well worth living.

It would be difficult to find a more contented set of old people than those who live in these Austrian homes. There are grumblers among them, of course. One of them complained bitterly to me that, although twenty-six kreuzers a day might be enough for bare necessities, they left nothing whatever for luxuries. Another — it was in Prague — replied to a chance remark that he seemed fairly comfortable, by a very emphatic shake of the head. He was well cared for, he allowed, and the food was good; but — He gave a significant glance at a little group of old men who were laughing and talking in the corridor. "They are all Czechs, you know," he whispered, in the tone in which a Southern State planter might in other days have spoken of negroes. "And for a German to have Czechs around him is really very trying." These, however,

are exceptional cases; the majority of the inmates seem to be as happy as they can be whose lives lie behind them, not before. There is not a touch of that dull listlessness about them, of that just-waiting-for-death, which is so marked a characteristic of the old people in our workhouses. On the contrary, they are quite alert, and take a lively interest not only in what is going on around them, but in things in general. This is especially the case in Prague. An English visitor, who chanced to be there a few months ago, was quite overwhelmed with questions as to how affairs are managed in this country. Some of the old folk were very curious to know how the poor are treated here; and they were not a little scandalized when they heard of one of our social arrangements. "To think of sending worn-out workers to live in the same house as rogues and vagabonds!" they exclaimed, in evident amazement at such barbarous ways. One old man inquired anxiously how the word "Glädstonē" ought to be pronounced.

It is noteworthy that the very arrangements which contribute most to the comfort of these old Austrians involve no outlay whatever. The little dinners over which the inmates of the Old-Age Homes linger with such keen enjoyment do not cost more than the midday meals supplied in our workhouses. Workmen's ordinary clothes are not one whit more expensive than uniform; nor does the fact of paupers being allowed to see their friends every day entail any sacrifice on ratepayers. In the Vienna Old-Age Homes the average cost per head is fifty-seven kreuzers (about 11d.) a day; in the London workhouses, it is some 1s. 4½d. Still, it is not without reason, it must be admitted, that rigid economists look somewhat askance on these homes; for the respectable poor, when their working days are over, go there gladly. Old men and women have been known to die of slow starvation rather than enter a workhouse.

EDITH SELLERS.



